VOL. CCXVIII, No. 2850
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THE SPHERE
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SEPTEMBER 25, 1954

# The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

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# Mushroom Growth

*"It's just a copy-caterpillar," said Alice.*

"Being so many different sizes is very confusing," said Alice.

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well," said Alice, "all I know is it makes me feel very queer."

"If that's all you know," said the Caterpillar, "no wonder you don't know what's good for you. Now, take this Guinness for example. No don't," it added quickly.

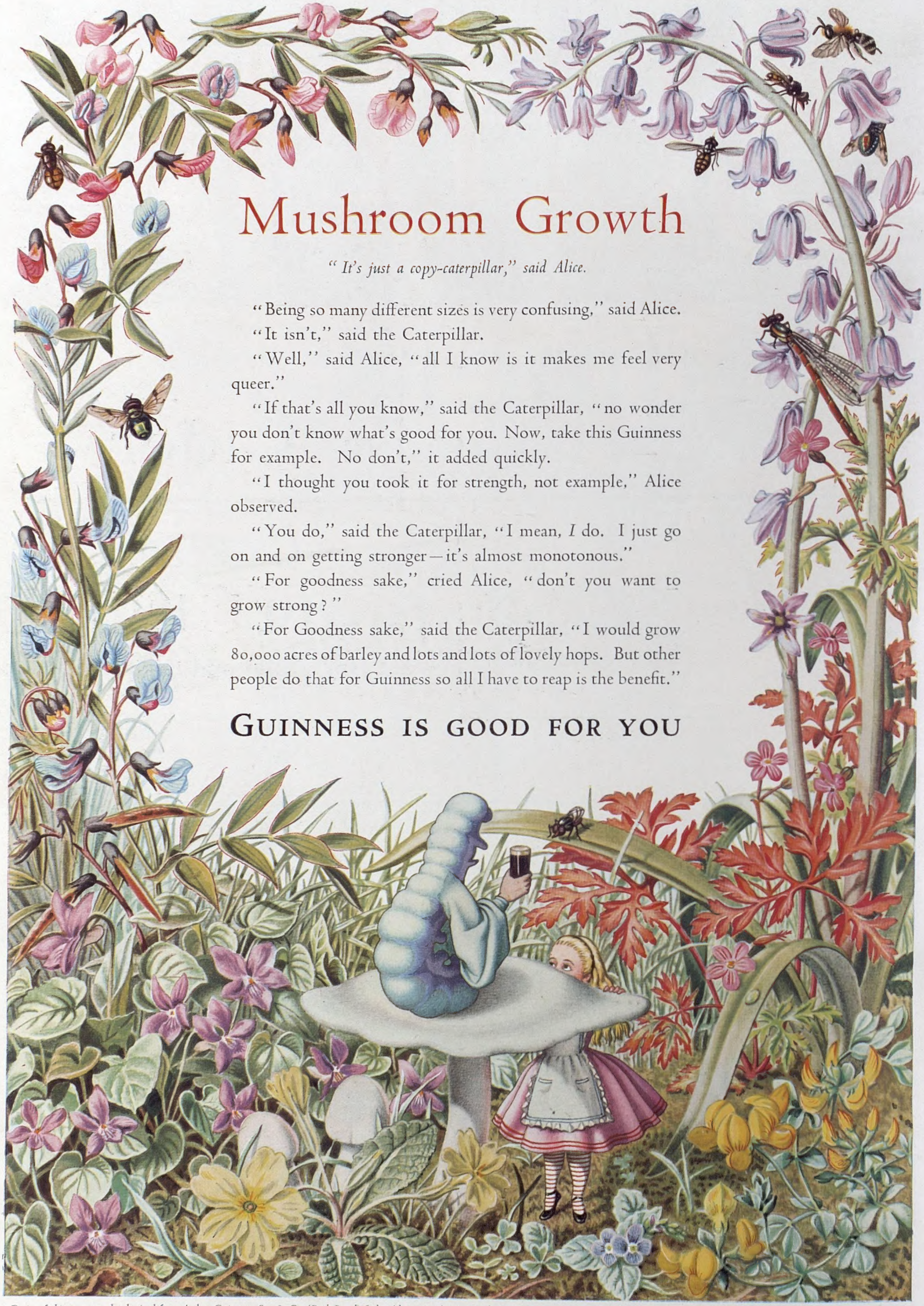
"I thought you took it for strength, not example," Alice observed.

"You do," said the Caterpillar, "I mean, *I* do. I just go on and on getting stronger—it's almost monotonous."

"For goodness sake," cried Alice, "don't you want to grow strong?"

"For Goodness sake," said the Caterpillar, "I would grow 80,000 acres of barley and lots and lots of lovely hops. But other people do that for Guinness so all I have to reap is the benefit."

## GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU



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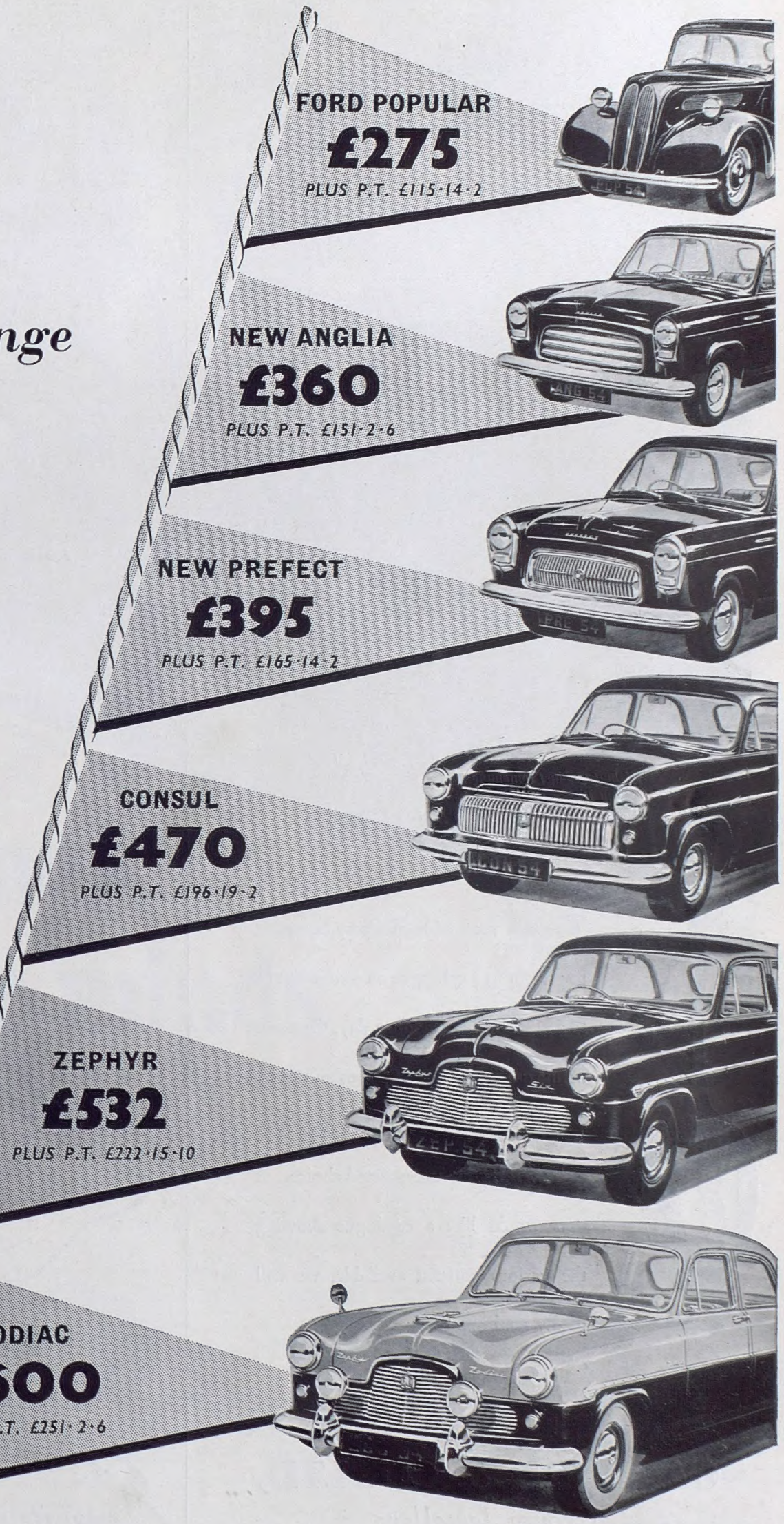


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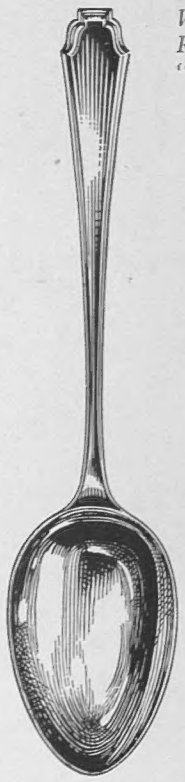

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# At the back of all our minds

**LISTEN**
**to the Home Secretary's Broadcast**

The Home Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Q.C., M.P., will speak on

**"THE HYDROGEN BOMB AND CIVIL DEFENCE"**

**Monday, 27th September, 9.15 p.m. after the News, B.B.C. Home Service.**

On the Scottish Home Service at the same time, there will be an address on Civil Defence by the Earl of Home, Minister of State for Scotland.

IS THERE anything we can do to prepare for the worst—a hydrogen bomb attack? Yes, there is.

However complete and extensive the destruction in the centre of the target area, there would still be a great ring around it only partly destroyed, with fires raging. People would still be alive there—many of them trapped in the fires and debris, many of them injured—all of them with lives to be saved—all looking for help to the civil defence services.

It is the people outside the target area who would have to come to their aid. They would be the ones who would rescue the trapped and injured, stop the fires from spreading, feed and shelter the homeless. *If they knew how.*

Even in the critical days of evacuation and preparation before a war broke out, there would be immense tasks for the civil defence services.

Half a million people realise all this. They are training in civil defence and because of them, if war ever does come, thousands who might have died will live.

But still more help is wanted. There is a greater need than ever for *trained* Civil Defence Corps and Auxiliary Fire Service volunteers.

### *Now is the time to prepare*

We are all thankful that for the present the threat of war has receded. But even though there is no crisis now, we must not relax. An organisation whipped together in a crisis would not be much good. If the civil defence services are to be a permanent part of our defences—as they must be—the time to train is now.

Civil Defence is a vigorous going concern. The A.F.S. is being equipped with new fire-fighting apparatus of the very latest design. The Civil Defence Staff College and Tactical School has trained over 3,000 leaders for the Corps. Training and social centres are being opened all over the country.

### *Thousands more are needed*

There is before Parliament a Bill to enable service men to be trained to take their places in mobile rescue and fire-fighting columns.

But local civil defence organisations are the first line of civil defence, and thousands more volunteers are needed for spare-time training everywhere — right away.

Why not look into it? Ask about it at your Town Hall. Remember, the more men and women who train now—the fewer people will die if war should come.

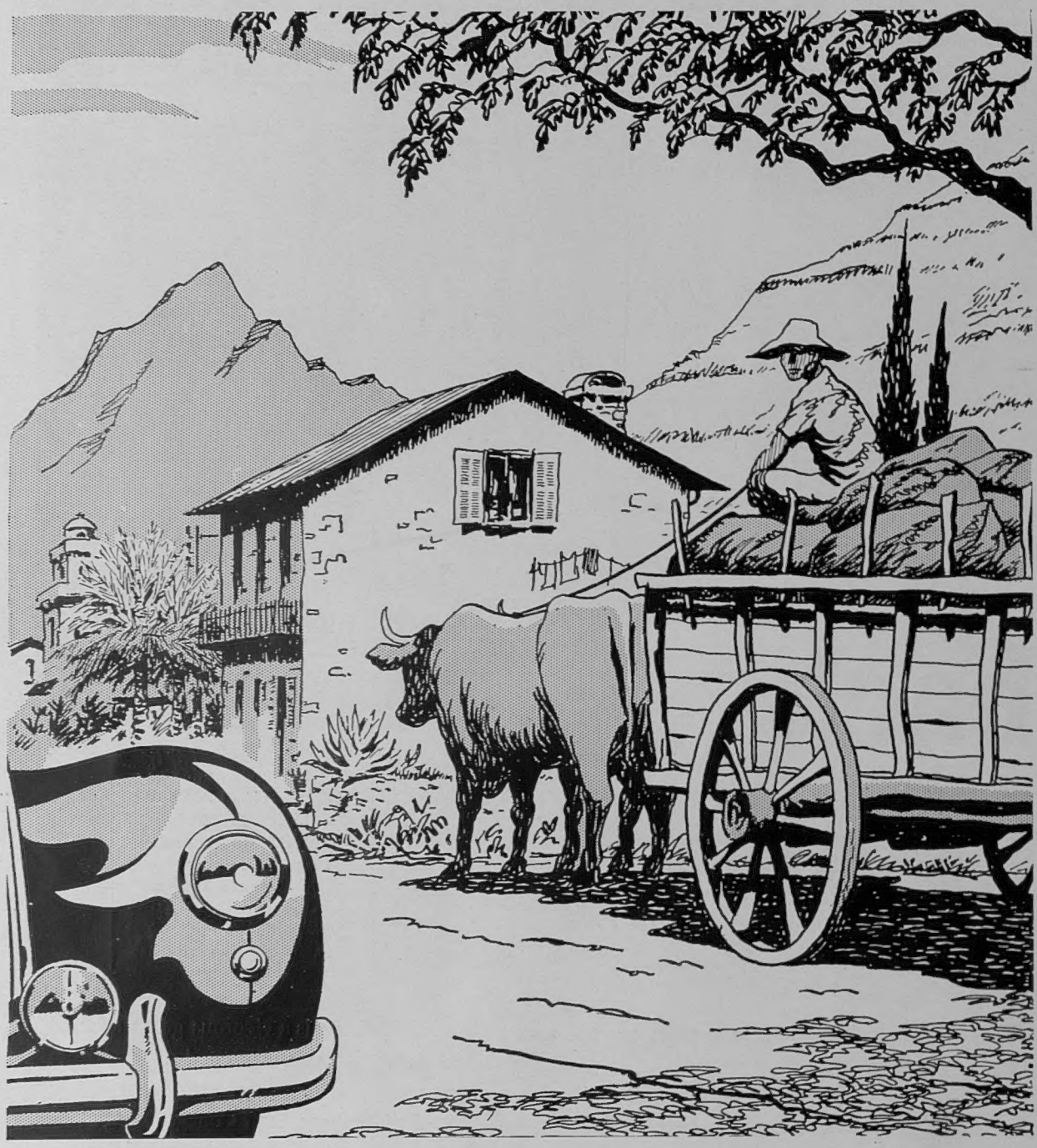
## *YOUR LOCAL CIVIL DEFENCE NEEDS YOU NOW MORE THAN EVER*

ISSUED BY H.M. GOVERNMENT

# FROM OXFORD

## to the highways of the world

Oxford is not only one of Britain's loveliest cities — rich in antiquity, graced by the beauty of age, mellow with centuries of learning — it is a city powerful also in the industrial life of Britain. From Oxford, British cars travel to the four corners of the world.



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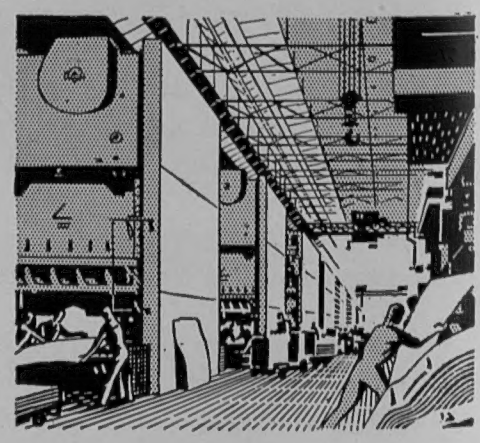

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Volume CCXVIII No. 2850

The SPHERE, London, September 25, 1954

# The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

**THE EUROPEAN DEFENCE CRISIS—MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES IN LONDON DURING HIS SURPRISE VISIT TO EUROPE: Sir Winston Churchill shaking hands with the American Secretary of State after they had lunched at No. 10 Downing Street last week. With them is the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, who had only just returned from his visits to Bonn, Rome and Paris, where he had outlined a new compromise plan for the defence of Western Europe. Early next week it is planned to hold a meeting in London of representatives of the seven Western Defence nations and of the United States and Canada to discuss these new proposals.**

Swiftly in the wake of Mr. Eden's visit to the West German, Italian and French capitals came the American Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles. His visit to Europe lasted less than thirty-six hours, and consisted of lengthy talks with Dr. Adenauer in Bonn and with Mr. Eden in London. The reasons behind this unexpected and brief visit, which was, however, long enough to administer a galling snub to France by leaving Paris out of the itinerary, are not entirely clear. The most plausible explanation is that Mr. Dulles wanted to set his seal, in the eyes of the American Congress at any rate, on the work Mr. Eden had been doing in putting forward new compromise proposals for European defence following the breakdown of E.D.C. These new proposals come before a meeting in London of the Powers concerned early next week. They are likely to involve Britain in greater participation in a European army than had hitherto been anticipated, and they may also include more far-reaching guarantees for France from the United States and Britain. At best, however, they can only be a sadly weakened version of the original E.D.C. proposals, as Mr. Dulles was quick to point out.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

## THE EVER-CREATIVE PICASSO

THE FIRST EXHIBITION IN LONDON OF PICASSO POTTERY: At the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, in Bond Street, until October 9, are thirty-five examples of the well-publicised but rarely seen pottery of M. Picasso. This picture shows a rectangular dish with a goat's head. Picadors and bulls figure throughout the collection, together with the familiar fish, and a seeming newcomer to the Picasso fauna: the goat.

A WHITE PLATE, WITH PICADOR AND BULLS, IN BLACK: An echo of primitive cave drawings. Although domiciled in France, Picasso is a Spaniard, who finds his native country's bullfighting a source of inspiration.

A STRIKING VASE WITH TWO MOTIFS: Primarily a bird vase, with thick handles or "wings," it incorporates a human face. Beside the pottery, examples of Picasso's pastels, drawings, lithographs and book-illustrations are on view.

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# A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

**A Milestone Faintly Marked.**—The treaty and protocol recently signed at Manila by the eight nations which took part in the Conference were hailed as a landmark for the South Pacific area. If "milestone" had been chosen, one would have to confess that the figures and letters graven on it are rather faint and difficult to decipher. The wording of the treaty was most meticulously edited, and any word which might give offence (such as Communist), and any phrase which might commit the signatories to more than future discussions as opposed to actions, were hedged and gentled. Moreover, the party was a Western party predominantly. The Oriental guests were there, of course, but not in force. And if aggression should fall on any signatory nation, the obligation of the rest to take action would depend on whether the threatened country preferred that action by its allies to the action of its aggressor. And presumably it might find the latter less devastating and disturbing than the former. Still, there is another treaty in force, something has been written down and underwritten, and perhaps this milestone, read with a microscope, gives evidence of progress along the road to pacification in the South Pacific and security in South-East Asia. There is no need to judge of its implications as yet. It has still to be ratified by the Governments concerned, and then only will the Council which it sets up be convened. And when it meets, it is likely to discuss economic measures of relief more urgently than plans for possible military co-operations. Unless, indeed, events in Formosa catch the new signatories quite unprepared with any adequate means of preserving the peace in that troubled area, or the peace of the world.

**Formosa.**—For the situation round Formosa seems at the moment very serious indeed. The Americans have been uncompromising in their determination to preserve it and Chiang as a bastion against Communist expansion and a rallying point for "loyal" Chinese the world over. The Communists are massing forces which threaten Formosa, and many observers on the spot regard an assault as inevitable in the near future. What would result if the Seventh Fleet went all out in defence (assuming the big ships had the means to manœuvre in the area of battle) no one can foretell and no one can minimise. But the issue is certainly grave, for face-saving on the American side is an important factor, so recently have they surrendered their principles in the case of Indo-China. Quemoy and the adjacent islands are first for consideration by President Eisenhower and his Defence Council, and he must swiftly make up his mind where and when his principles must be rigorously applied. There are American military advisers even now employed in the Nationalist defences of Quemoy, but it is unlikely that the President would reinforce them or that his Council would regard Quemoy as vital to the defence of Formosa. It is a ticklish situation for all concerned, eased only by the fact that Communist China has no more desire to be branded afresh as an aggressor than the U.S.A. to be committed to another major military incident. As for the British attitude to the new danger in Formosa, it might be well if it were officially restated. It seems a pity that it should be stated by a politician out of office in terms likely to encourage Communism in China to prepare for a crusade and to puzzle or irritate the Americans. Indeed, Mr. Attlee has a lot to explain, not only to his party but to his country.

**Recall of Parliament?**—It seems quite possible that the light might be relit in Big Ben before the autumn recess is ended. The Liberal leader has already suggested to the Premier a recall of Parliament to debate the future of E.D.C. now that Mr. Eden is back from his round trip of the faithful E.D.C. capitals. No doubt it is a very urgent problem and one in which Parliament must be consulted, but the recall of Parliament at the moment seems more possible on an issue still more urgent, and the next few days should decide whether Formosa will eclipse all the other constantly urgent portents in the international skies. If it does, it is out of the question that the nation's representatives should be caught battling on the beaches. For none of the present most urgent political problems can possibly be solved without committing our nation to the gravest obligations and sacrifices, and pledging us in advance to actions of guarantees upon which we have an absolute right of consideration and approval or rejection. In the history of our own times, it is remarkable how often major crises have arisen for urgent consultations and decisions when Parliament is in recess in the autumn. And sometimes one has felt that a nation would be in better case if its Parliament and its crops were gathered in to their respective barns at the same moment.

**Disaster in Algeria.**—The world is so shrunk in size, owing to speed of communications, that we can no longer forget or disregard the disasters that fall on any nation or confess that an accident to one person in our own street or village is more terrible and haunting than a holocaust of human beings in China or India. When a calamity strikes any nation to-day, every other nation is on the spot in an hour or two to relieve misery and rescue survivors. And those countries where earthquake and floods are but tremors and isolated, rare visitations may well show their gratitude in deep sympathy and prompt help to less fortunate lands. Of which Algeria is one. Orléansville was a thriving city, with a large mixed population. To-day it has ceased to exist, having been shaken down and flooded out by burst dams; 1,000 dead, 5,000 injured, 20,000 homeless. The saying *omne ignotum pro magnifico* has never applied to earthquake areas since the days of Pompeii. After a major disaster, the survivors build again and settle in their ruined site as if disaster had never been, or could never come again. It was but a few years ago that a town, not so far from Orléansville, was wiped out in much the same way, if on a lesser scale, and no doubt Orléansville will rise again on its ashes. Those who inhabit the earth's crust where it is weakest must live somewhere. For them there is comfort in the shortness of human memory. But to-day the survivors need all the help they can get, and that help will be generous and international. Fear and common sense may not kill the jealousies of nationalism, but they are at least scotched by the reality of present disaster.

## TEN YOUNG MEN WITH A PURPOSE

THE ENGLISH TEST CRICKETERS SAIL FOR AUSTRALIA: For ten of the tourists, captained by Len Hutton, this will be a first visit to Australia in Test cricket. They are: (standing, l. to r.) Appleyard, Wilson, Graveney, McConnon, Cowdrey and Loader; (kneeling, l. to r.) Wardle, May, Tyson and Andrew. This year's team will be the twenty-fifth to represent England in Australia. They take with them the Ashes, won in England last year by Len Hutton's team, which brought two decades of Australian cricket supremacy to an end. As England's weakness is the shortage of all-rounders, like Bailey, much responsibility will lie with the batting of Hutton and Compton (if he is able to play), and the bowling of Bedser, Wardle, Appleyard, Statham and Tyson. Special interest will be taken in the men who for the first time face the Australians "at home."

**T.U.C. Vote on Germany.**—It was by a very narrow majority that the official policy of the T.U.C.—to speed up a measure of German rearmament—was approved at Brighton. So powerful, indeed, is the opposition of the Engineers', Railmen's and Shop Assistants' unions, that calculations of relative votes-values at the Party Conference to come saw a possibility of the same motion's equally narrow defeat at Scarborough. Such a vote would reveal the strength of Mr. Bevan's following—at any rate, on the issue of Germany—and would reveal it with a painful surprise for a great number of Mr. Attlee's following. The Opposition at Brighton repudiated all sentiments and conditions, cranks, pacifists, the embittered, the anti-Nazi, the man whose war memories grow only more vivid and bitter with the years. But the argument was not based on sentiment or grudge or bitter memory. Mr. Campbell, who led for the Opposition, was entirely positive that Germany did not wish to rearm, and that any degree of rearming might lead to an East-West Germany armament race, and in any case, would make reunion still more difficult. These, of course, are Mr. Bevan's points. The difficulty is to estimate

substitute remedies for the present obvious dangers. Mr. Bevan's I have always found to be visionary; idealism, wishful thinking—an international disarmament, the employment of the millions so saved to feed and comfort the "have not" peoples. You must first catch your hares before you jug them. The dangers are to-day's and next year's, and if Germany does not arm and France will not play, our frontier is not the Elbe but the Channel.

**Too Big For New Boots?**—Lord Mountbatten, as forecast, gives up the Mediterranean Command and C.-in-C., Allied Air-Sea Forces, in December. His next appointment was not simultaneously announced. Once it was his ultimate ambition to become, like his father, First Sea Lord. But since that ambition was born, he has played many parts and the British Navy has greatly shrunk in size, if not in importance and efficiency. It may be that an ex-Viceroy and ex-Supremo would find the post of First Sea Lord, to-day, a kicking-down, and it may be that Admiral McGrigor, the present First Sea Lord, may have in mind another candidate to recommend to the Queen, such as Admiral Denny. Perhaps, too, Lord Mountbatten needs a period of refresher in fleet command, and may assume command of the Home Fleet as a step either to First Sea Lord or to supreme command of all British fighting services, a post which is likely to be created soon enough. He is still very young and has crammed into his active career as many high offices as the late Lord Reading, and some of them, on the basis of old-time ranking, appeared in both cases to be down-grading. But there are no more Viceroys to-day, and new importance attaches to several of the old posts. We may be sure that Lord Mountbatten will not stay put and that if new rungs are imposed on the ladder of fame, he will have his foot on them, whatever Government be in power.

**The B.M. and Japanese Art.**—The experts at the B.M. must be viewing their Japanese exhibits with a more than critical eye to-day, after Mr. Tchitaro Kondo's verdict that almost all their treasures from Japan are "third-class stuff or forgeries." And he doubted further if much of the valuable dollar purchases by American collectors were worth the cost of transporting. Perhaps Mr. Kondo knows. Art experts are always liable to suffer jolts from earthquakes of this kind. They live on volcanoes and invariably rise again and regain their omniscience after their reputations have been shattered. As for us who gape at the B.M. exhibits, we are quite satisfied with what is provided for us. "Third-rate stuff or forgeries" receive the full tribute of our admiration. For here at least in the field of art *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. An antique stuffed with a copy of the *Daily Mail* is just as wonderful and beautiful as a genuine Pheidias. Which leads me to wonder why Mr. Kondo blabbed. Japan needs the dollars, and if she can sell junk at famine prices, why knock the bottom out of a profitable market? Everybody concerned in these transactions over the centuries was perfectly satisfied. Why spoil the ration of human happiness (which is austere) for the sake of being clever, for a mere epigram? Why shoot our experts who are doing their best—with our money? And perhaps it is Mr. Kondo who is talking through his hat.

**A Late-acquired Taste.**—Like Giles of the *Daily Express*, my journalism just now reveals my whereabouts. We are both earning while we roam about Scotland, and holiday interests "break in." I examined on my way North a glass case containing a hive of about 40,000 bees, and found the study of their communal life absorbing and instructive. And for the past fortnight I have been devoting the same attention to salmon and grilse in a remarkable pool of a river that runs under my window. When the water is low, the entire population of this river seems to congregate along a narrow 30-yard channel under a grass bank. The river is limpid and utterly clear, and every pebble, tin and other snag is clearly seen, and in and among and over them, fish of all kinds, from 12 lb. salmon to 2 lb. grilse and sea-trout, jostle one another in the narrow space. Every movement is clearly seen and for the first time in my life I have been able to study the creatures and their ways. So it is that, near man's allotted span, I have begun, with successes, to be a fan of fishing and to acquire that necessary faith, hitherto altogether lacking, in salmon fishing, not as a matter of pure luck (100–1 against), but as a science and, in certain circumstances, an exact science. Indeed, I begin to think it odd, after studying this "glass-case," that after 200 years of intensive research, the experts know so very little about the life-story and habits of salmon, and I have so very poor a record of successes after fifty years of flogging Highland rivers.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

**THE 1954 GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SEASON**

By JAN STEPHENS

*With Photographs, and Drawings of this Year's Repertoire at the Savoy Theatre*

## THE SUN LOOKS DOWN AT A SUSSEX SHEEP AUCTION

**A DOUBLE LATE-SUMMER OCCASION AT FINDON, IN SUSSEX: The annual show and sale of the Southdown Sheep Society was held on the same day as the Findon Great Fair. This picture shows the scene as auctioning took place. The Southdown breed, which dwindled to a very small number between 1939 and 1950 in favour of heavier and coarser breeds, is again fetching good prices, as quality is of first importance. Shearling rams obtained highest prices; they are much in demand to mate with Dartmoor ewes, and to enlarge the stocks on Romney Marshes, in Kent. Constant improvement is sought by patient trial and experiment in cross-breeding.**

## THE FINAL RESTING-PLACE OF AN OLD CLIPPER

**THE DRY-DOCK AT GREENWICH, WHICH WILL BE THE "CUTTY SARK'S" LAST ANCHORAGE: The dimensions of the dock and the approach channel have had to be calculated with infinite precision; moving the clipper into it after a last voyage from the East India Dock will require organisation, timing and seamanship of a high order.**

The eighty-five-year-old *Cutty Sark* will proceed on her last voyage on the 14th of next month. She will leave East India Dock shortly after noon and be towed to Greenwich. Once there, she must be manœuvred into the approach channel and into the specially built dock itself before high tide at 2.40 p.m., so that by 3.30 p.m. the lowering tide should have brought her down on to the keel block. The *Cutty Sark* will then be secured in her final position, and later the dock gates closed and the dock pumped dry. These plans will be carried out if weather, tides and other conditions allow, but the final decision to move the ship can only come on the appointed day. If the move is postponed until the 15th, times will be 45 minutes later.

The *Cutty Sark* began her long career in the China tea trade. Later, when steamships began to replace sailing-vessels, she saw service in the Australian wool trade, the only sea-path left to clipper ships. After several years of ill luck, during which she was sailed by a succession of weak, brutal or drunken masters and mates, she found an excellent master in the famous Captain Woodget. Under this man's command, lasting a decade, the *Cutty Sark* at last fulfilled the promise of her design, and she became one of the fastest of the wool clippers. In 1895, ousted by steamships, she was sold, and worked for nearly thirty years as a general commercial vessel; in 1921 she was bought by a retired sailing-ship master who saw her in Falmouth, restored to her original full rig, and moored in Falmouth Harbour. She was used for several years as a training ship by the Thames Nautical Training College, but proved too expensive, and was saved from demolition only by the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society. She will now lie at Greenwich, within full view of the Thames, as ships go by whose career will almost certainly be far shorter and less remarkable.

## THE MISSING TUG "FEARNOUGHT" IS FOUND BEACHED AND ABANDONED OFF THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY

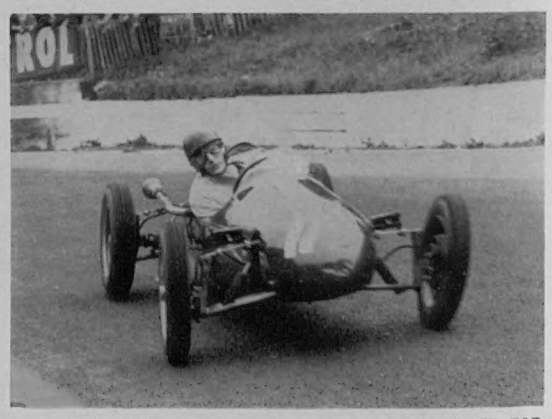
**HIGH AND DRY ON THE BEACH UNDER THE CLIFFS AT MINSTER: The Diesel tug *Fearnought*, seen at the spot where she was found last Sunday after being missing for over twenty-four hours from her moorings in the River Medway at Rochester, Kent.** She disappeared from her position at the ship pier at Rochester early on Saturday and ships in home waters were asked to watch out for her. It was also pointed out that an attempt had been made to start another tug from the same pier. *Fearnought* was first seen at Minster by two fishermen on Saturday, but the fact was not reported to the police until after they had seen the news of its theft in the Sunday papers. She had about 365 gallons of fuel on board when she was stolen. Valued at nearly £20,000, the tug is used for towing vessels through the Medway; she belongs to J. P. Knight Limited, of Rochester. Those who stole her are believed to have been skilled seamen, for they probably negotiated the river without navigation lights.

*On right—*

**"THE PALACE CENTENARIAN" CALLS AT RICHMOND DURING THE LAST JOURNEY ON THE LOCAL LINE LAST SUNDAY: The locomotive is seen being photographed by railway enthusiasts who organised the journey from Crystal Palace.** The line—Crystal Palace (High Level) to Nunhead—closed officially on Saturday, when expired season tickets were autographed and returned to the passengers as souvenirs. On Sunday the last train—a special—steam-hauled, made its way along the old Crystal Palace and South London Junction line, starting at the Palace Station and travelling to Richmond and back, and later via London Bridge and Blackfriars to the Palace High Level Station. The line has been closed because it has been little used by the public; it is the first electrified branch line to be suspended.

## LAST RUN ON THE CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) BRANCH LINE

## LAST WEEK-END'S MOTOR-RACING AT CRYSTAL PALACE



**A CONTESTANT SEEN AT SPEED DURING THE RACE FOR THE REDEX CHALLENGE TROPHY AT CRYSTAL PALACE: Les Leston (Cooper Norton) negotiates a bend; he won the third heat at a speed of 68·22 m.p.h., but failed in the final. The trophy, for racing cars up to 500 cc., was won by I. L. Bueb (Cooper) at 69·65 m.p.h.; R. G. Bicknell (Revis) was second, and S. Lewis-Evans (Cooper) third. *On left*—A general view of the start of the race for the Norbury Trophy. This event, for sports cars up to 2,000 cc., was won by T. A. D. Crook (Cooper-Bristol), seen second from right.**

# HOMAGE TO THE FALLEN

*Moving Memorial Ceremonies for the Airborne at Arnhem and for Coastal Forces at Gosport*

**THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF ARNHEM : This year's commemoration of the British airborne landings in September 1944 centred round a memorial service in the Oosterbeek Cemetery, where some 2,000 soldiers have their graves. One of the most impressive moments was towards the close, when Dutch children each took a place beside the graves and laid sprays of flowers.** The service was conducted by the Rev. E. L. Phillips, a padre with the airborne troops in 1944. The lesson was read by Major-General R. E. Urquhart, who commanded the First Airborne Division.

*Below*—**THE "LITTLE SHIPS" PAY HOMAGE : Officers and men of Coastal Forces of the Royal Navy line their motor-torpedo-boats at the dedication at Gosport of the Memorial to those in Coastal Forces who lost their lives during the war. The memorial is at H.M.S. *Hornet*, the main Forces' base, and is in the form of an ornamental wall.** Commander P. B. North-Lewis, Senior Officer of H.M.S. *Hornet*, is seen here giving the address after the memorial had been unveiled by Mrs. Catherine Hichens, widow of one of the officers of Coastal Forces who was killed in 1943. On the wall are inscribed the wartime bases from which Coastal Forces operated.

**IN THE DRESSAGE RING AT THE START OF THE TRIALS AT HAREWOOD: Mr. E. E. Marsh on Owenmore in the ring on the first of the three days of trials at the Princess Royal's home in Yorkshire. The weather on the first day was cold and windy, but despite the unsuitable conditions there were a number of fine performances which promised well for the more testing events on the succeeding days. The dressage event was won by Miss P. Molteno on Carmena, and this pair eventually won the Olympic Horse Trials as a whole. Colonel Lewicki and Skilly took second place in the dressage; Major Birtwistle and Delagyle were third, and Captain Frisby and Epijune fourth.** Miss Molteno's success this year follows the win of another woman rider, Miss V. Machin-Goodall, on Neptune, last year. On the last day more than 20,000 people watched the event, and the prizes were presented by the Princess Royal. One of the most encouraging features of this year's International Horse Trials at Harewood was the performance of the British team which is to perform at Basle next month. They were entered for the event as part of their training and not as individual competitors, and they took the many difficult obstacles in fine style.

# OLYMPIC TRIALS AT HAREWOOD

*Miss P. Molteno Wins the Second International Horse Trials to be Held at the Princess Royal's Yorkshire Home*

**AN ATTRACTIVE PICTURE IN ITS SETTING ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS: Miss G. Morrison on Samphire at jump No. 6b in the cross-country event at Harewood. The obstacles are skilfully sited over the undulating country and provide a worthy test for horse and rider. This year's three-day trials at Harewood, the second, is recognised as an international event by the International Equestrian Federation.**

**THE WINNER IN ACTION: Miss P. Molteno taking jump No. 14 on Carmena in the cross-country event. Miss Molteno, after winning the dressage, put up excellent performances over the steeplechase and cross-country courses, and on the last day rode with fine judgment to carry off the prize.**

**THE PRINCESS ROYAL PRESENTS THE WINNER'S CUP: Miss P. Molteno, who comes from Perthshire, receiving from the Trials' patron her prize as winner of the three-day event on Carmena.**

A TOUGH-LOOKING OBSTACLE: Major N. Birtwistle and Delagyle taking cross-country jump No. 7. Delagyle impressed during the trials and eventually came third; he is a bold performer.

AT ONE OF THE DIFFICULT JUMPS: Mrs. J. Guiness on James at jump No. 12 in the cross-country event. The ground can be seen to rise steeply immediately beyond this difficult jump. On the final day Mrs. Guiness was one of three competitors who had a clear round, although she lost one penalty point on time.

*On left—*
ANOTHER OF THE SUCCESSFUL BRITISH TEAM: Major F. W. C. Weldon on Kilbarry. He is a member of the British team which will jump at Basle, and which jumped at Harewood as part of its training. Major Weldon and Kilbarry won the Working Hunter Championship.

THROUGH THE DRAGON'S LAIR: Miss M. Hough on Bambi V leaving the aptly-named Dragon's Lair on the cross-country course. Miss Hough and Bambi V are in the Great Britain team for Basle.

HE OBTAINED THE BIGGEST BONUS ON THE SECOND DAY: Mr. Brian Young on Miss Johnson's seven-year-old mare Radar at jump No. 4. Radar, who was sixth in the trials at Harewood last year, obtained 69.9 bonus points on the second day.

A DOUBLE SUCCESS FOR MAJOR WELDON: Major F. W. C. Weldon taking jump No. 4 with Burn Trout in the cross-country event. Major Weldon took fourth place in the trials on this novice horse. He also rode his horse Kilbarry on a clear round.

# THE GOLDSMITH BABY COURT CASE IN PARIS

*Scenes During the Argument Between the Goldsmiths and Patinos Over the Custody of a Four-month-old Baby*

**MADAME ANTENOR PATINO, DUCHESSE DE DURCAL, WHO WAS ACCUSED OF TAKING AWAY THE FOUR-MONTH-OLD DAUGHTER OF MR. JIMMY GOLDSMITH IN PARIS: Madame A. Patino is seen with her lawyer in Paris, where Mr. Goldsmith sued her for the custody of his daughter.**

Early this year Mr. Jimmy Goldsmith married Miss Isabel Patino secretly in a register office in Scotland after the bride's father had started a legal action to prevent the wedding. He later relented. Then four months ago the bride gave birth to a baby daughter shortly before she died from a brain tumour. Mr. Goldsmith originally asked his mother-in-law, Madame Antenor Patino, to look after the child, but recently made arrangements for her to be transferred to his own apartments in Paris. Then it was discovered that the baby had disappeared, and Madame Patino was accused of hiding her. Many allegations and counter-allegations were made, and judgment was given for Mr. Goldsmith, the judge declaring that there was no reason why the father should not have custody of his child.

**AN ENGLISH NURSE CARRIES THE CHILD BACK TO MR. GOLDSMITH'S APARTMENTS IN PARIS: Nurse Deborah Cockbill carrying the four-month-old baby Isabel from a car after a court order had been served on Madame Patino to return her. Before the serving of the order, an extensive search had failed to reveal the baby's hiding-place.**

**TOGETHER AGAIN: Mr. Goldsmith is seen with his daughter after she had been returned. Madame Patino said that she took the child because Mr. Goldsmith could not look after her. Mr. Goldsmith alleged that Madame Patino was not fit to have charge of the baby.**

**THE PARENTS OF THE FATHER ARRIVE IN PARIS FOR THE COURT CASE: Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith seen with a lawyer inside the Palais de Justice. Mrs. Goldsmith stated that she would help her son to care for Isabel, who is in a very weak condition.**

**MR. JIMMY GOLDSMITH ARRIVING AT THE COURTROOM ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE HEARING: Before deciding on a verdict the judge visited the apartments where the baby would live.**

# SEPTEMBER FIXTURES

*The Eighty-seventh Thame Show ; the Annual Opening of the Colchester Oyster Season ; the Argyllshire Gathering in Oban*

THE STREETS OF THAME BECOME A FAIRGROUND : A view of the Oxfordshire market town during the eighty-seventh annual Thame Show. Although late harvesting kept many visitors away, some 28,000 people visited the show, which was only 4,000 less than the record established last year.

WINNING THE OPEN JUMPING COMPETITION AT THE THAME SHOW : Mrs. Whitehead, on Miss Dorothy Paget's Tommy 13th, taking the last jump. They won the Thame Show's open jumping competition with the only clear round. Mr. Alan Oliver gained a triple prize for second place, riding in turn, Miss I. Cleland's Baskit and Mr. A. H. Payne's Red Star and Galway Boy. Mr. Oliver, on Red Admiral, was also a member of the Hertfordshire team which won the semi-final of the *Sunday Times* British Show Jumping Association inter-counties jumping competition. With Mr. F. Oliver on John Gilpin and Miss Pat Moss on Danny Boy as the other members of the team, Hertfordshire gained an easy victory over Berkshire, Devon and Sussex, and thus qualified for the finals of the competition at the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay Arena next month.

*On left—*

ANOTHER OYSTER SEASON OPENS : The scene on board the fishing smack *Native* during the opening ceremony at Colchester. In the centre is the Mayor of Colchester, Councillor T. H. Morris ; behind him, to his right, is the Town Sergeant, Mr. Hebron, and on his left Colchester's Town Clerk, Mr. N. Catchpole.

*On right—*

THE FIRST SWALLOW OF THE SEASON : The Mayor and the Town Clerk exercising one of their most delicious privileges —the sampling of the first Colchester oysters.

AT THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING IN OBAN : The Duke and Duchess of Argyll at the great Gathering in the western Highlands, of which the Duke is President. *On right*—The Duke and the Stewards leading the march to the games field through Oban before the Gathering opened. An outstanding competitor was E. Cameron, of Lochearnhead, who won the 22 lb. shot put and caber-tossing events, shared first place in the 56 lb. weight (height), and gained second place in the 16 lb. hammer.

**MR. EDEN FLIES ROUND EUROPE IN A BID TO SAVE WESTERN DEFENCE: The British Foreign Secretary in Bonn, Rome and Paris during his lightning tour last week. *On left*—Mr. Eden with the West German Federal Chancellor, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, at the Palais Schaumburg, in Bonn. *Centre*—The Foreign Secretary in Rome with Signor Attilio Piccione, the Italian Foreign Minister. *On right*—M. Mendès-France, the French Prime Minister, greeting Mr. Eden on his arrival for the talks in Paris.**

*The Foreign News in Pictures*

# THE BID FOR WESTERN UNITY

## *And a Survey of Other Recent Events in Europe, America and Asia*

After giving himself time to digest the new situation confronting Western Europe after France's summary rejection of the European Defence Community, Mr. Eden flew to Bonn, Rome and Paris with a new proposal for the rearmament of Germany. From Dr. Adenauer and Signor Piccione, Mr. Eden received "complete agreement," but it was evident that the biggest test would come in Paris. There the British Foreign Secretary had to sell to M. Mendès-France and the French Assembly a compromise solution which the Assembly had already rejected out of hand when the original E.D.C. Treaty came under review. Mr. Eden's task was made none the easier by an understandable distrust in the French capital for any further proposals on German rearmament. Added to this was the announcement, which almost coincided with Mr. Eden's arrival in Paris, that the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, would visit Europe immediately, but that Paris would not be included in the itinerary. This was a slap in the face to France which increased the remoteness of the possibility of a universal acceptance of Mr. Eden's new plan. It would certainly be surprising if anything but a makeshift solution to Europe's defence problems could be put forward.

**PEACE PRIZE FOR SHOSTAKOVITCH: The renowned Russian composer clasping the International Peace Prize which he had just received at a ceremony in Moscow from M. Jean Lafitte (left), who is General Secretary of the World Council of Peace. There was a large gathering in the October Hall of the House of Trade Unions of favoured Soviet composers, writers, artists and scientists to witness one of Dmitri Shostakovitch's rare public appearances.**

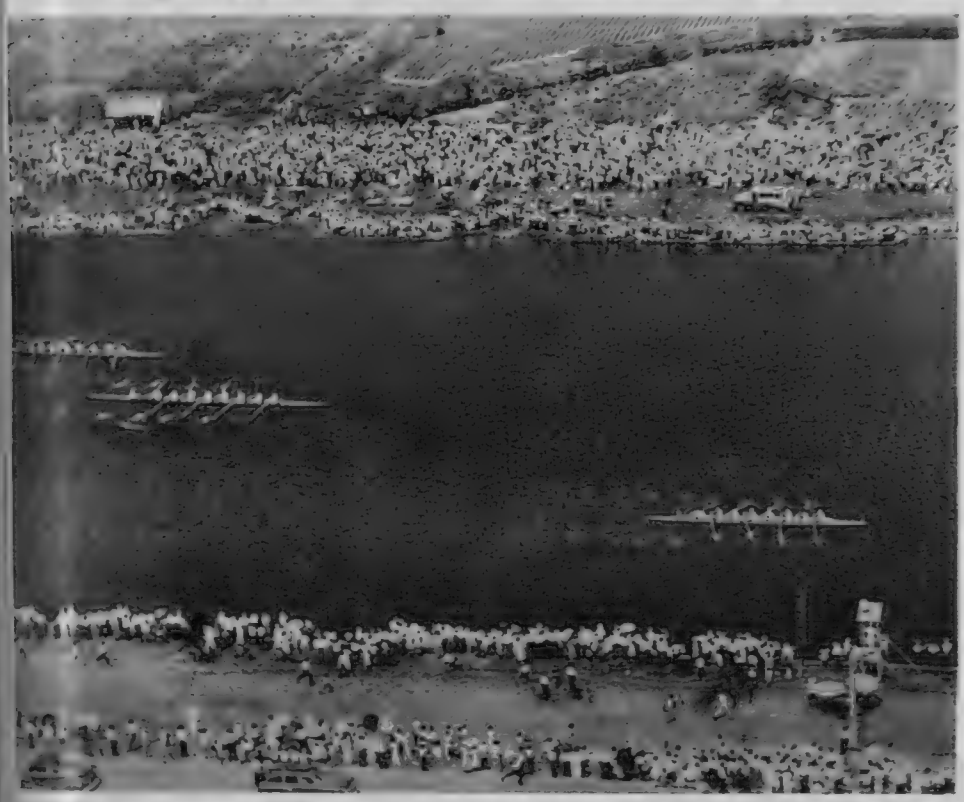
**MARSHAL TITO TAKES THE WHEEL: The Yugoslav President with his guest, President Celal Bayar of Turkey, during a trip in a motor-boat on Lake Bled. President Bayar was paying an eight-day State visit to Yugoslavia, which followed not long after the signing of the Triple Balkan Military Alliance at Bled between Yugoslavia, Turkey and Greece. President Tito himself has announced that he would continue his travels round the world with visits to India and Burma.**

*On left*—

**IN THE PATH OF THE HURRICANE "EDNA": The Nantucket lightship riding the fierce onslaught of the great hurricane which struck the east coast of the United States. The lightship had sent a radio message to the Coast Guard in Boston that she had lost her steering gear and that all her portholes had been smashed. However, despite the fact that the vessel had drifted ten miles from her normal position, all the sixteen men aboard were reported safe. Hurricane "Edna," which started in the Bahamas, was reported to be one of the best-watched storms ever. Unfortunately, with feminine waywardness, "Edna" suddenly decided to change course, and the timely Weather Bureau warnings to east coast inhabitants proved to be unnecessary.**

TEA-GROWING ASSAM IS RAVAGED BY FLOODS: A residential house crumbling as the River Brahmaputra claims yet another victim at Dibrugarh in its rush through the Indian province of Assam. At Dibrugarh alone the bodies of 50 people and some 500 animal carcases have been counted in the swollen river. Large areas of Assam, from which a great proportion of India's tea crop comes, are under water, including the entire town of Sadiya. Altogether over 1,000,000 people in an area of over 20,000 square miles are affected by the floods, which have caused damage to property, crops and cattle estimated at over £12,000,000.

SALVAGING THE WRECKED K.L.M. AIRLINER IN THE SHANNON: A section of the Super-Constellation airliner which crashed into the estuary of the River Shannon being taken ashore on the high tide. In order to make the wreckage buoyant, large air-bags were used. Later, the cockpit section of the airliner was brought ashore and beached at the rescue jetty near Shannon Airport, and later still the tail section and fuselage were brought to land. Experts then made a full inspection of all parts of the aircraft, including the control sections, in the hope that they will reveal the cause of the disaster in Ireland in which twenty-eight people lost their lives.



OXFORD TRIUMPH IN SWEDEN: The Oxford University Boat Race crew seen in practice on the River Goeta at the small Swedish town of Kungälv. The Oxford crew won a marathon race against five Swedish crews on the Göta River, near Göteborg, in Western Sweden. Their time over the ten-mile course was 1 hr. 2 mins. 29·2 secs. Second came the second boat of Hammarby, the Swedish champions, with a time of 1 hr. 3 mins. 15·4 secs., and nearly a minute later came the third crew, Kungälv Rowing Club. This was Oxford's second sporting success in Scandinavia this month: earlier a University cricket team had won in Copenhagen.

CAMBRIDGE DISAPPOINT IN JAPAN: The Hokkaido University Eight (right) passing the winning-post on the Tokyo Toda course two-and-a-half lengths ahead of Cambridge University, with Tokyo Economics College just behind. The race was in the semi-final heat of the All-Japan Amateur Rowing Association's Summer Regatta, where one of the highlights was the presence of the Cambridge crew.

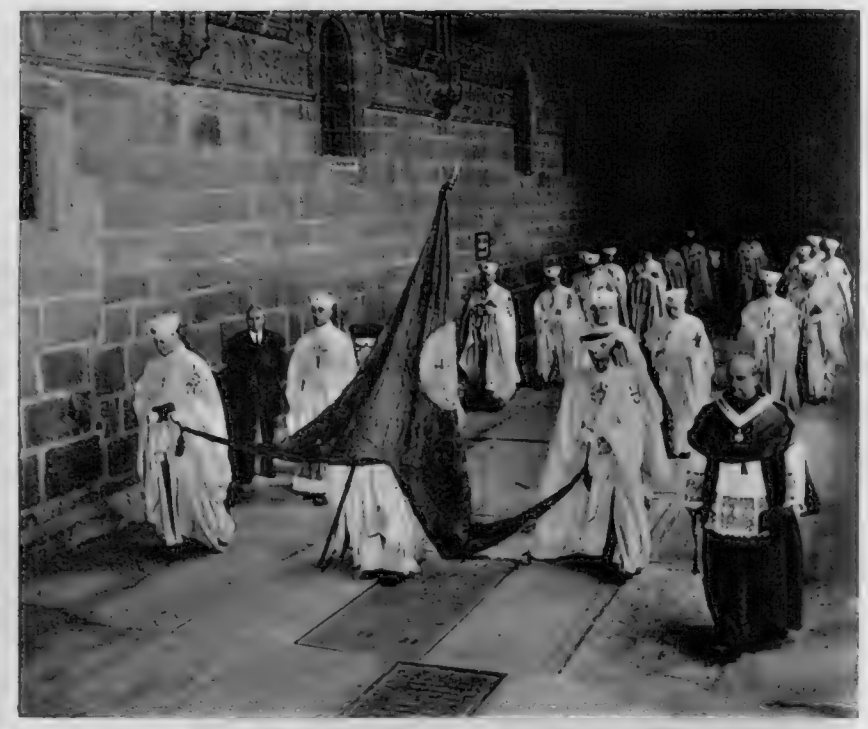
*On left—*
TROUBLE ON THE ISRAEL-JORDAN BORDER: Captain Ivand Müller, a U.N. observer of the Danish Engineering Corps, examining a detonator left at the scene of an explosion on the Negev pipeline near Kibbutz Nir Am. It was alleged by Israeli authorities that four Egyptian infiltrators, starting from behind the Jordan side of the wadi, were responsible for the explosion.

SEGREGATION IN UNITED STATES SCHOOLS COMES TO AN END: The peaceful scene on the opening day of term in the kindergarten of Washington's Burroughs School. Here, where once only white children were allowed to enrol as pupils, the teacher surveys her white and negro children with evident pleasure. The abolition of segregation in schools which was made law recently did not receive such peaceful assent in the Southern States. There, many white children, backed by their parents, refused to return to school and conform with the new anti-segregation laws.

# HOLY YEAR IN SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

*Pilgrims Came from Many Countries to the Celebrations at the Shrine of the Patron Saint of Spain*

**PILGRIMS ARRIVE FOR THE HOLY YEAR AT SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA : Holy Year is celebrated in this cathedral city of Galicia, the premier Spanish see. Many pilgrims walked from the Spanish border to Santiago. They came from many nations.**



**THE PROCESSION OF MILITARY KNIGHTS : Members of the old Military Order of the Knights of Santiago de Compostela, headed by their banner, march into the cathedral. The present church, begun in the eleventh century, is a fine example of early-Romanesque. Most of its exterior was recased 250 years ago.**

The celebrations of Holy Year in Santiago de Compostela, in Spain, may not be so well known as those held in Rome, but they are older in foundation and occur more frequently. The Santiago Holy Year was begun in 1122, the Roman festival in 1300. Rome holds Holy Year every thirty-three years, the span of Christ's life on earth, but Santiago decrees it whenever the Feast of St. James the Greater falls on a Sunday. This happened this summer, and the devout made their pilgrimage to Spain's premier see from many parts of Europe. Among them was a party of English pilgrims led by Bishop Craven, one of the Auxiliary Bishops of Westminster.

**THE SHRINE OF ST. JAMES : A pilgrim kisses the ornate, glittering figure of the Patron Saint of Spain.**

Many of the pilgrims walked from the Spanish border to the magnificent early-Romanesque cathedral of the Galician city, where this year they were greeted by the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Feltin. The solemn ceremonies included the making of the *offertorium* (the offering) to the shrine of St. James, the Patron Saint of Spain, by General Franco, as the head of the Spanish State. Also this year the pilgrims saw the inauguration of the new Hostal de los Reyes Catolicos (the Hotel of the Spanish Catholic Kings), a new luxury hotel which has been built on the site of the former Hospital Real, established for sick pilgrims in 1501 by Ferdinand and Isabella.

Santiago's Holy Year has its gay side. After the religious services, the pilgrims enjoy themselves at a great fair and in the traditional horse and mule market. The day ends with fireworks in the square before the floodlit cathedral. A Spanish legend relates that the coffin of St. James was found in A.D. 813 on the site of the cathedral. A miraculous star directed the discovery, hence the surname of Compostela (*Campus Stellae*).

**A HUGE CENSER IS SET SWINGING : This gigantic botfumeiro requires seven men pulling on the rope to launch it. It swings through an entire transept.**

**FIREWORKS AND FESTIVITIES END THE DAY : After the religious ceremonies the pilgrims enjoy themselves at a fair and in the horse and mule market. As darkness falls they crowd into the Plaza, where fireworks are let off before the illuminated cathedral. Finally, the false façade built below the west front is ceremonially burnt.**

**INTER-ZONAL BARRIERS IN BERLIN ARE TAKEN DOWN: Workmen are seen removing a barrier at Dueppel, on the border between East and West Berlin. The decision to take down several barriers such as this was made by the East German Ministry of the Interior.**

# BARRIERS COME DOWN IN BERLIN

*EAST GERMAN AUTHORITIES MAKE A MOVE TO EASE THE INTER-ZONAL TRAVEL RESTRICTIONS*

Life for the people who live in the Soviet Zone of Berlin is very hard, and therefore it was not strange that when the Russian authorities decreed that several new crossing-places should be opened, giving access into the Western Zone, their gratitude should be overwhelming. Many of the new crossing-places, when opened, were decorated with flowers brought by the East Berlin citizens.

Some suburbs in both the Eastern and Western Zones had been most unfortunately placed for making a crossing from one Zone to the other. Altogether, six barriers have been opened to pedestrians and cyclists and some 20,000 Berliners derive benefit from this move by the Russians.

**A BUS TRIES TO USE A NEW CROSSING: This was a scene on the crossing between the French Zone suburb of Frohnau and the Soviet Zone. The bus could not pass through, as vehicles are not allowed to use the crossing.**

*Above and on left—*

**EAST BERLINERS CROSS INTO WEST BERLIN WHILE WORKMEN DISMANTLE BARRIERS: The crossing, like others being opened, is for pedestrians and cyclists only. Armed policemen closely scrutinise the passes of those travelling from the East to the West, but there are no other border formalities.**

*On right—*

**FLOWERS FOR A POLICEMAN: A lady from the suburb of Frohnau is presenting the guard with a posy as a token of her gratitude for the easy access into the Western Zone. Many other citizens made similar gestures.**

# HARVEST HOME IN FULL GLORY

*Gone are the Days when the Harvest Home was a Great Occasion: Some Old Customs in the Field and in the Village, Which Could be Revived*

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

RECENTLY, on the television, the British public has been watching the country brought to town. In this programme, from the heart of London, we saw a magnificent parade of some of the best cattle in Britain, which means some of the best cattle in the world, and were given a most lively and informative commentary on them. This was altogether admirable. We were also allowed glimpses of one of the best thatchers in Britain, an expert hurdle-maker and a dry stone-waller at work. None of these gentlemen spoke, and there was no detailed commentary, as there was with the cattle. Nobody, in fact, could possibly have learnt anything at all about any of these arts, beyond the fact that they still exist. And we were also shown somebody backing a tractor and trailer past various obstacles. He did it very skilfully, it is true. But is this really a rural accomplishment? There are thousands of drivers of articulated vehicles in the country: for that matter, there must be thousands of caravans, towed on little cars, which are backed just as skilfully every day—and car and caravan is a much more difficult combination than tractor and trailer.

And then there were the old customs—harvest home and "sheaf tossing." It was the latter that interested me particularly. It seems that our farmers and farm-workers, when the last sheaves are gathered, are so filled with enthusiasm, so overcome with delight, that they have a sort of spontaneous competition among themselves, tossing these sheaves—the aim being to see who can toss one the highest. "Above the roof of the barn," or something like that, was, I seem to remember, the objective on this occasion. It must be very hard work. One may be justly proud of a race of men who have so much energy left at the end of a long day.

CELEBRATING "HARVEST HOME" IN A TELEVISION STUDIO: Members of the National Federation of Young Farmers give a display of dancing during the recent television programme entitled "Pedigree Paddock," from Earls Court. Dancing and singing were always features of old-time celebrations of Harvest Home in the village.

Now, I have never before seen this rite. Indeed—I must confess my ignorance—I have never so much as heard of it. But now I want to know a great deal more about this strange, and very energetic, custom. Is it really an old harvest custom? Has it always been practised (except in those parts of the country in which I have lived), or is it an ancient custom that has recently been revived? Was it, if ancient, ever widespread, or has it always been a regional, or even a parochial custom? Or can it be that it is something quite new?

The custom—or, at least, the custom as we saw it portrayed on this occasion—is so contrary to all the established traditions of our harvest folk-lore that I cannot help thinking that it is a revival that has misfired somewhere: that is, if it is ancient at all. The last sheaf has always—perhaps one should now say "hitherto"—been something treated with great deference, not something to be tossed light-heartedly into the air.

THE LAST DAYS IN THE FIELD: Men at Mr. C. Moore's Radley Farm, Kintbury, Berks, seen pitching wheat on to a horse-drawn waggon. In former days this action was followed by amusing customs in the village.

The cutting of the last sheaf was once a most important part of the harvest rites. And all over the country—in, I think, every district throughout the country—there was a distinction attached to the last sheaf, a superstitious dread, if you like, that was not to be treated lightly. The last sheaf represented the Corn Spirit, on which all the future hopes of the community rested, and you did not stick that on the end of a prong and toss it light-heartedly over a barn. Far from it: there was everywhere—throughout the country, so far as one can tell from the literature—a marked reluctance to be the one to cut the last sheaf. Many customs grew up, so that men might have a chance of evading that dire distinction.

This goes back to very early times: certainly as early as the Norsemen in Britain, and very probably earlier. But it was a Norse word that survived in the North of England in a ceremony called Cutting the Neck, *neck* being the Norse for a sheaf. The last sheaf of all was tied with a ribbon, and then the ribbon cut with a sickle. It was evidently not easy to find a man willing to cut the ribbon—there was obviously thought to be some danger attached to the task—for there are records from several parts of the country that an extra sum of money was paid to the man who did. Living in these materialistic days, one would imagine that there would have been fierce competition for the job—especially since the farm labourer earned no more than a pittance—but, in fact, even with the promise of extra money, it was often quite impossible to find anyone willing to do it. And it would seem that it was because of this difficulty that the ceremony of cutting the ribbon finally died out.

But in some parts of the country, though the ribbon was no longer tied round the sheaf, the name of the ceremony lingered on. In the West Country—and especially in Devon and Cornwall, districts that one would not connect particularly with a Norse influence—when the last sheaf was reached, all the reapers would gather round and the oldest man present would cry out: "I have it. I have it. I have it." And on being asked by the others, "What have you?" he would shout: "A Neck. A Neck. A Neck." Only then could the sheaf be cut. And then not by one man, but by four or five together, wielding their sickles as one, thereby sharing the responsibility, and the risk. Even so, the ribbon did not die out entirely. For the cut sheaf would be decorated with ribbons (and sometimes flowers) and carried to the farm-house, where it was hung until the next harvest.

In other parts of the country the name "A Neck" died with the passing of the ribbon ceremony, but the last sheaf retained its superstitious importance. Men remained very reluctant to cut it. In some districts the reapers, starting with the oldest, would take it in turns to throw their sickles at it. In others, that was not thought sufficient to minimise the risk—or perhaps it was thought that some might throw to miss—and all the men would throw their sickles at once, so that it could not be said whose sickle was really responsible, and the risk was shared among all.

Now, it must not be thought that these were ceremonies of pagan times only. In some parts of the country they remained—though their significance was not, of course, realised—until the advent of the mechanical reaper, which treats the first sheaf and the last alike.

And the significance of the last sheaf is not wholly dead even to-day. Long after the ceremony of Cutting the Neck was dead, the last sheaf was decorated with ribbons or dressed in woman's clothes—always female clothes, of course, because this last sheaf represented the Corn Spirit—and borne in triumph to the farm-house or, pagan origin notwithstanding, to the Church. This decorated or dressed sheaf was known as the Kern Baby or the Mare or the Maiden, and in Scotland as the Cailleach or Old Woman. And that it was held in superstitious reverence until quite recently is shown clearly by a story told by Heanley.

In September 1901, Heanley saw a Kern Baby placed by the gate of a wheat-field. It was made of barley straw. When he asked why it was there the farmer's wife told him that it was to keep storms away and ensure a good wheat harvest. She went on to say that she thought that prayers were all right, and that she said them herself, but that the Almighty must be pretty busy ("strange and throng") with so much corn to look after up and down the country, and that it was better to be safe than sorry—or words to that effect. And she added: "We mustn't forget owd Providence. Happen it 's best to keep in wi' both parties." "Providence," of course, was not used in the normal religious sense. Providence was the Devil or "luck"—and luck is the work of the ancient god, the God of Chance, a pagan god. "Providence," by the way, is still used in this sense by quite a lot of old country people.

So as recently as 1901 the last sheaf had a special significance. And, as a matter of fact, the Kern Baby is still made in several parts of the country, and in three, at least, it is brought to the Church. In two of these cases it is the last sheaf, and it is dressed as a female and brought into the church. In the other case, it is more a symbolic figure, a stylised figure, a twisted sheaf of corn, and it is hung outside the church. And in some parts of the country Kern Babies are still made by villagers and taken to their homes. I doubt if any of these people would take readily to tossing the last sheaf light-heartedly into the air. Country memories are tenacious. And even when the practice has died the memory may linger on.

The Kern Baby used also to be set in the place of honour on the main table at the Mell or Harvest Supper. I do not know if this is still done anywhere in the country—it would not surprise me to find that it is—but it was certainly done in Hampshire up to the outbreak of the First World War. I hope that it has not altogether died out, for that is obviously the fitting place for the Kern Baby. If we are going to revive these old customs, then that, surely, is one that might well be revived.

The Harvest Supper—the Harvest Home—is still kept up here and there. But much of the glory has departed, though it is still a jolly enough occasion. I have before me, as I write, the recipe for a Harvest Home plum pudding: "Twenty-six pounds of bread, six pounds of flour, eighteen pounds of suet, eighteen pounds of plums, eighteen pounds of currants, sixteen pounds of sugar, thirty-six eggs, candied peel and nutmeg." That was for a Harvest Home in Hampshire in 1902. In addition, there were, of course, huge joints of roast and boiled beef, big hams, great loaves of bread (each stamped with a sheaf, for though this was not Lammas Day, it was, nevertheless, a "Loaf-Mass" in its way) and barrels of beer—and in those days beer was really beer. And when all that had been eaten—and there would not have been much left—hot, spiced ale (as black as treacle) was passed round. And then the singing began.

Indeed, the glory has departed. How many modern farm-hands could stand up, let alone sing, after such a meal?

And there was not only singing; there was dancing, too. Not what is now mistakenly termed "country dancing"—a slovenly imitation, imported from America, of the old English square dances—but the true and dignified and graceful dances of rural England, and the lively and graceful dances that so delighted the heart of Cecil Sharpe. How they did it after all that food and drink defeats imagination, but they did: and with decorum—to begin with, at any rate. Harvest Home was a great occasion in the year, and men and women alike put on their best clothes for it—the clean white smock, and, later, the tidy suit and the clean collar. To-day, if one is to believe one's eyes and the camera, an open-necked loud-checked shirt (or blouse) is the fitting dress in which men celebrate Harvest Home. Indeed, the glory has departed.

I think, myself, that the revival of old customs—better still, of course, the maintenance of old customs—is a good thing. And particularly in an age that is moving too fast for everybody. There is everything to be said for tradition. Obviously, we can never revive the old Harvest Home meal—the poor modern stomach would not stand it—but it would be pleasant to revive some of the old associations. There must be many little-known country customs—like this "sheaf tossing," for example—which might be revived for the entertainment of the farm-worker and the education of the viewing public.

For example, in many districts of England it was once the custom for the last waggon-load of harvest to be brought in, with the men singing a song, which ended:

Harvest Home! Harvest Home!
We want water and can't get none.

whereupon, all the unmarried girls of the village threw buckets of water over them. This, not surprisingly, led to much horseplay, which in turn, says one authority, was "often the first step to matrimony." But I suppose it might shrink the modern shirt-blouse.

PORTERS AND BAGGAGE ON THE FIRST ASCENT: The Swiss Himalayan Expedition under the leadership of M. Raymond Lambert, which is attempting to conquer the hitherto-unclimbed peak of 23,440-ft. Gauri Sankar, is establishing its base at 17,000 ft. Some of the 100 porters are seen here organising the 8,000-lb. baggage train.

# THE ASCENT OF GAURI SANKAR

*The Swiss Himalayan Expedition Start their Attempt to Conquer this Unclimbed 23,440-ft. Peak in Nepal*

The Swiss expedition which has set out to climb the hitherto-unconquered 23,440-ft. Himalayan mountain of Gauri Sankar, in Nepal, is establishing its base camp and making its first exploratory tours. The party is led by M. Raymond Lambert, the Swiss guide, who nearly reached the top of Mount Everest, two years ago, with Sherpa Tensing. They got within 700 ft. of the summit. Another of the climbers is the famous woman mountaineer, Madame Claude Kogan. An important part of the first stage of the ascent was the organisation of the transport of 8,000 lb. of baggage from the aerodrome at Kathmandu Gaucher. One hundred porters carried out this trek. Assistance in supplies has been given by the Indian Military Mission.

Gauri Sankar was at one time believed to be the highest mountain in the world. Its appearance of towering height is increased because it stands completely isolated, overtopping the gigantic gorge called the Rolwaling, through which a torrent of melted snow and ice rushes past giant boulders. Rolwaling had never been seen by Europeans until 1951, when Eric Shipton's Everest Reconnaissance Expedition explored it. In the following year a Scottish expedition followed them through the gorge, charting a great deal of the region and climbing several of the peaks.

The Swiss mountaineers face a stiff and difficult task. But they should obtain great help from the community of Sherpas who live in the heart of the gorge and are completely cut off from their fellows. These Rolwaling Sherpas are fine mountaineers and even more unsophisticated than the usual run of these people. Like all their folk, they are Buddhists by religion.

*On left—*

ON THE LOWER REACHES OF GAURI SANKAR: Taking advantage of a spell of fine weather, members of the expedition and of the Indian Military Mission, which lent them some equipment, made an exploratory tour of the reaches of the mountain. From left to right: Albert Zimmerman, Captain Krishnan (Indian Army), Marc Stengelin, Raymond Lambert, the Leader, Franz Lochmatter, and Captain Krishnamurti (Indian Army).

*On right—*

THE "HIGHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD": Sitting with her back to the left-hand corner of the picture is Madame Claude Kogan. She earned the title of the "highest woman in the world" by taking part in the climbing of Mount Nunkun, in the Kashmir, last year. With her is another Swiss climber, Jean Jude.

# A RECORD DESCENT INTO THE EARTH

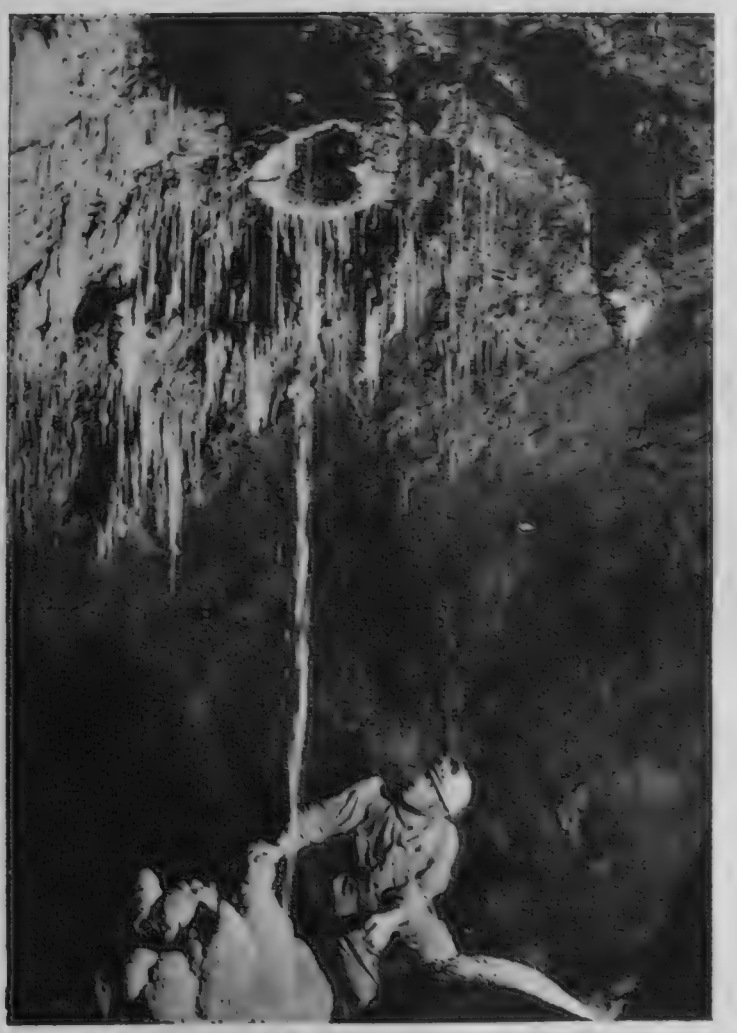
*French Speleologists Claim a World Record by Climbing Down 2,485 ft. near Grenoble*

FRENCH CAVE EXPLORERS CLAIM RECORD DESCENT: Climbing down 2,485 ft. into the Berger cavern, near Grenoble, Jean Cadoux and Georges Garby, from a party of French speleologists, claimed a world record. The French team, from left to right:—(front row) Joseph Berger, Jean Cadoux, Georges Mathieu; (second row) Georges Garby, Jean Lavigne, Louis Pottier; (in background) Georges Mary.

A team of French cave explorers have claimed the title of speleological world record-holders. Two of their number, Jean Cadoux and Georges Garby, climbed down 2,485 ft. in the caves below the Sornin Plateau, near Grenoble. The cavern in which this feat was accomplished is named the "Berger" cave, after another member of the French speleological group of seven, Joseph Berger. Their claim for the world record has been entered through the Speleologists Club of Grenoble.

Last month a team of young Italian speleologists went down 2,100 ft. in a cave near the Spluga Della Preta, near Verona.

At much the same time, another French group went deeper underground, 2,159 ft. into the Pyrenees, to bring up the body of one of France's best-known speleologists, Marcel Loubens.



A VIEW OF THE UNDERWORLD: Jean Lavigne looks up at the stalactites which hang from the roof of the Germaine Salle, in the cavern. He was one of the French team which claimed the speleological depth record.

# WHERE ROMAN LONDON WORSHIPPED

**THE OUTLINES OF A ROMAN TEMPLE ARE UNEARTHED IN WALBROOK : In the heart of the City of London the remains of what is believed to have been a Roman place of worship see the light of day for the first time in 1,500 years, as the result of recent excavations.**

After fifteen months of unremitting work, the London Excavation Council can now point to the excavations in Walbrook as being one of the most important Roman finds in the City of London in recent times. The foundations of the well-preserved building give evidence of a central nave between aisles which were divided from the nave by arcades. The round bases of ten pillars mark the supports of the Roman building, and the blackened timbers which were unearthed during the excavations are believed to have been joists for the flooring of the building. A series of wooden blocks forming a rectangle seem to have been the lining of a well, and there is also a well-preserved wooden trough. Among the other items recovered from the ruins are coins, pottery, brooches and ornaments of jet.

A semicircular apse at the west end of the building seems to indicate that it was used for the purposes of religious worship. This view is confirmed by the discovery of a particularly well-preserved altar stone of unique design. The material for this was natural stone, but tiled blocks were fitted in layers into the walls, which are 2 ft. thick, to lend strength and smoothness. Mr. W. F. Grimes, who is Director of the London Museum, thinks that the temple was first built about A.D. 150, and that it was added to at intervals until the end of the fourth century. It has thus remained untouched for over 1,500 years ; but now the Roman remains will have to go to make way for the foundations of the fourteen-storey block of offices which is being built on the site.

**THE ANCIENT SITE AMID ITS EVERYDAY SURROUNDINGS : The Roman building uncovered amid the bustle of the City was in a remarkably good state of preservation. It is considered almost certain that the building was originally constructed on the classical basilican plan.**

**MODERN MACHINERY DESTROYS THE ANCIENT WALLS : A twentieth-century iron claw digger bites into the stone of the Roman temple, which was probably begun about A.D. 150, to make way for a new office block.**

# THE FUTURE CHURCH OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

**THE GUTTED SHELL OF ST. CLEMENT DANES SURVEYS THE CITY OF LONDON : This picture of the church, which stands just outside Temple Bar, looks down Fleet Street and over the City across to St. Paul's. In front of St. Clement Danes can be seen the Gladstone monument ; to the left are the Law Courts, and to the right can be seen the offices of "The Sphere."**

With the exception of those of Bow, the bells of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, must be among the most famous in Britain. The endearing jingle which is attributed to the church has become an integral part of London lore, and has given Londoners a lasting affection for the attractive church whose design was inspired by Wren. When St. Clement Danes was hit by an enemy bomb in May 1941, and the famous "Oranges and Lemons" bells crashed from the belfry, something personal seemed to have been destroyed. It was therefore with some relief that Londoners heard that the church was to be rebuilt and restored, and that it was to become the church of the Royal Air Force, to be used by present and past members of the Service. Mr. W. A. S. Lloyd was the architect commissioned to prepare plans for the rebuilding of the church, and now at last it seems as if work will be under way in the near future. The work of rebuilding will take about two years, and the cost will be covered by money from the War Damage Commission and by public subscriptions. The famous bells, ten of which were cracked when the church was bombed, are at present at the Whitechapel foundry where they were made, and are being repaired. The eleventh bell, the Sanctus, which dates back to 1588, escaped damage, and will be restored with the rest of the peal when St. Clement Danes once again takes its place among London's churches.

ST. CLEMENT DANES AS THE ROYAL AIR FORCE CHURCH—AN IMPRESSION BY JOSEPH PIKE OF THE CHURCH AS IT WILL BE RESTORED AND REBUILT: The licences for the rebuilding of the church in the Strand are promised for the end of the year. In the meantime plans for its restoration have been approved by the Royal Fine Art Commission and, in principle, by the War Damage Commission, who will provide most of the cost of rebuilding. An appeal will be launched shortly for further funds.

# THE NEW FACE OF LEARNING

*The Latest Trends in Architecture for Places of Education in Britain and the United States*

*On right—*

**A NEW CENTRE OF PATHOLOGY IN THE UNITED STATES : This austere and unusually-shaped building now being completed at the Walter Reed Army Medical Centre, Washington, D.C., will house the new Armed Forces Institute of Pathology.** The massive structure of reinforced concrete extends five storeys above ground and three below. It is constructed in such a way in order, it is claimed, to be capable of withstanding blast and radiation caused by an atomic bombing. Designed to provide facilities for research on diseases, the vast building will eventually house all the activities ordinarily found individually in office buildings, research laboratories, hospitals, printing establishments, educational centres, photographic studios, theatres, television studios, metal and woodworking shops, and warehouses.

**KENT'S NEW COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY : Work in progress on the west side of the new North-West Kent College of Technology in Miskin Road, Dartford ; it will rehouse the Dartford Technical College.**

**A NEW BUILDING DESIGNED TO IMPROVE OPPORTUNITIES FOR TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN NORTH-WEST KENT : The south entrance to the new college at Dartford, where the first phase of construction, up to four storeys high, is now nearing completion.** The building, which will cost about £355,000, will eventually be six storeys high. It has a striking and unconventional design, and its wings form the shape of the letter "Y." This college, which will be of regional as well as local importance, represents an important stage of progress in fulfilling the Kent Education Committee's policy for developing higher technical education. Its new and important role will be as a centre for advanced studies of graduate and post-graduate level. With the concentration of industries between Gravesend and Erith, it is expected that there will be a growing demand for such courses. Predominantly it will be a college of engineering and science, although other studies, such as commerce and general education, will be well provided for. There will be no building education at Dartford ; this will continue to be centred at Erith and Gravesend. It will be two years before workshops and engineering laboratories at Dartford are in use.

**KIDBROOKE OPENS ITS DOORS AND LONDON'S FIRST COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL COMES INTO USE : The main entrance of the London County Council's group of buildings at Greenwich, South-East London, where the first of 1,700 girls began their studies last week ; eventually the school will have a roll of about 2,000. The girls are divided into eight houses and work in forms of about thirty pupils ; the courses are being planned to suit girls of varying ability. There are also academic courses leading to Ordinary, Advanced and Scholarship levels of the General Certificate of Education, and other courses in a number of specialised and commercial subjects.**

# AT HOME WITH SOMERSET MAUGHAM

*The Great Author in the Delightful Surroundings of the Villa Mauresque at Cap Ferrat, on the French Riviera*

The host of fans of every famous author enjoy, subconsciously or otherwise, a picture of their hero amid surroundings which are generally culled from the pages of his books. Rarely, if the hero-worshippers were admitted to the inner sanctum, would their dreams come up to expectations. But the admirers of William Somerset Maugham will suffer no such disappointment. The ardent reader of his works would recognise at once the Villa Mauresque, in its delightful setting at St. Jean-Cap Ferrat. And his way of life as much as his home in that lovely corner of the French Riviera is entirely in character.

As soon as the visitor enters the doorway, surmounted by Maugham's personal symbol which wards off the Evil Eye, he knows he is in the presence of a distinctive and forceful personality. All over the fine, airy house the great man has left marks of his own tastes. The salon and the galleries, lined with the best works of the modern English and French painters. The vast library, a storehouse of knowledge that reflects the author's versatility as writer and thinker. The "den" at the top of the house, where nothing can distract him; where current manuscripts lie in orderly piles on the polished floor; where Maugham has been working for some thirty years. And there is the view from Villa Mauresque, the blue Mediterranean shimmering below, and the luxuriant gardens in which the eighty-year-old author walks with the proud air of a man who has personally built up his possessions. France is an essential part of the Maugham make-up: he was born in Paris, and he has lived in France for much of his life. There can be no doubt that the Villa Mauresque is an equally integral part of Maugham.

**VILLA MAURESQUE—A DRAWING BY DENNIS FLANDERS: Above the entrance to Mr. Maugham's Cap Ferrat home can be seen the author's own cabalistic motif, which he has adopted as his insignia. It is a sign of Oriental origin which grants—evidently with success—protection against the Evil Eye.**

**NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING IS THE TIME FOR A BRISK WALK THROUGH THE GARDENS: Dressed in shorts and sports shirt, Mr. Maugham takes a look at his grounds. He climbs the many steps with unflagging energy.**

*On right—*

**A CORNER OF THE IMPRESSIVE LIBRARY: Mr. Maugham achieves intense concentration as he reads a book from his shelves. He probably has the biggest reference library of any living author, no doubt indispensable to a man who has written fifty-four volumes of novels, plays, short stories and essays. In his "den" Mr. Maugham has done most of his work for thirty years.**

**COCKTAILS BEFORE DINNER: Mr. Maugham and his secretary-companion on the terrace of his villa. On the rare occasions when there are no guests at the Villa Mauresque they dine alone, but discreet formality is still the order. Mr. Maugham is seen wearing his Chinese mandarin trousers.**

**THE SALON WHERE THE GREAT AUTHOR ENTERTAINS: A general view of the room in which Mr. Maugham receives the great and the humble. Around the walls hang the works of modern artists, part of Mr. Maugham's fine collection of French and English painting which includes examples of Renoir, Picasso, Matisse and Sutherland.**

# FRIGATES, TANKERS AND PASSENGER LINERS

## News of Recent Shipping Developments at Home and Abroad

*On right—*

**AN ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE IS LAUNCHED AT COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT: This was the scene soon after the frigate, H.M.S. *Grafton*, had entered the water.** She was launched by Lady Grantham, the wife of Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, at the dockyard of her builders, J. Samuel White and Company. Admiral Sir Guy Grantham has been named as the successor to Admiral Lord Mountbatten as C.-in-C. Mediterranean. The *Grafton* is one of the fifteen new frigates which are under construction or have recently been built for the Navy, and belongs to the Blackwood class. Two other frigates of this class, the *Dundas* and the *Hardy*, were launched last year, and another, the *Pellew*, will be launched later this month. The *Grafton* is 310 ft. long, has a beam of 33 ft., and is powered by geared steam turbines of an advanced design. Among her armament are three Bofors guns, and two three-barrelled anti-submarine mortars, which can fire large projectiles with great accuracy. During this month twelve ships will have been launched for the Admiralty, which equals the number launched during last June, which was the highest since the end of the war.

**BUILDING SHIPS INLAND IS CHEAPER: The new 2,000-ton oil tanker *Marie Boettger* is seen passing through Frankfurt-am-Main on her way to her owners, the Ernst Schliemann Shipping Company, of Hamburg. She is one of several ships which have been built many miles inland at the Erlenbach (Main) shipyards of Bayerische Schiffbaugesellschaft. Building ships inland in this manner is much cheaper, because materials do not have to be carried far, and because labour in the district is considerably cheaper.**

**THE NEW TANKER "WORLD GLORY": This tanker, of 45,000 tons, was designed by the Bethlehem Steel Company, and built by them at their Quincy (Massachusetts) works, for World Tankers Limited, an enterprise owned by the Greek shipowner Stavro S. Niarchos.** The *World Glory*, the largest cargo-ship to be built in the Western Hemisphere, achieved speeds in excess of 17 knots during her trials. This new tanker was planned with an eye to efficiency, and she is the first vessel in her class to use less than 17,500 h.p.

*On left and right—*

**THE "IBERIA" IS COMPLETED AND LEAVES FOR HER SEA TRIALS:** This modern-looking vessel, which was built by Harland and Wolff at Belfast, and which has now been delivered to her owners, the Peninsula and Orient Steam Navigation Company, is a sister-ship to the *Arcadia*, and, like her, incorporates many modern comforts for passengers. Among these is a swimming-pool, and a 24-hour telephone service. The funnel, which is seen *on right*, has been designed to prevent smuts from falling on the decks.

**ONE OF THE MANY USES OF THE CARAVAN TO-DAY—TEMPORARY HOUSING ON INDUSTRIAL SITES : The caravan site established by the contractors, R. J. McLeod, Ltd., of Glasgow, at the Loch Dubh Hydro-Electric Scheme. In order to overcome the difficulties of housing workers at Ullapool while this great project is under way, the contractors looked to the caravan to provide ready and comfortable accommodation.**

# BRITAIN'S CARAVAN INDUSTRY

*An Account of this Virile Industry, which has been Expanding Rapidly Since the War to Keep Pace with the Growing Popularity of the Open-air Life*

By JOHN MAY

ON a Saturday morning at Silverstone last May, after driving all night from Chester, a motorist named Sam Parkinson drove his Riley and caravan at high speed over a quarter-mile straight on the perimeter track. The occasion was a fast towing test. Parkinson had previously stated in writing to the marshal, H. J. Speed-Andrews, that he would tow at an average of 55 m.p.h. With a flying start, the Riley passed, with the caravan neither shaking nor pitching, but riding as steadily as the car itself. As the co-ordinated vehicles flashed over the finishing line, the timekeepers' watches showed a fraction over fifteen seconds—nearly 60 m.p.h.

Despite its origins in the three-miles-an-hour horse-drawn caravan of the last century, and the handicap of a 30-m.p.h. speed limit for caravans on Britain's roads, the British caravan of to-day—as Parkinson and other motorists demonstrated that Saturday morning—has evolved impressively. The British caravan industry, leaping forward since the war, has something to show the world.

The world is taking notice. Dutch observers were present when Parkinson did his smooth sixty with a Burlingham Sportsman caravan made in Lancashire. The Yorkshire firm named after Willerby, near Hull, is manufacturing centrally-heated caravans for the use of the American Forces in Europe. Charles Panter, managing director of the Berkeley firm at Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, has recently returned from Canada, where he is now selling special living vans for road-building concerns—and beating the Americans in a market on their own doorstep.

In Britain, also, the uses for caravans are expanding. A score of Almond vans made by Thomsons (Carron) Limited, of Falkirk, provide mobile lodgings for construction workers on the Scottish hydro-electric scheme. Every agricultural, horse and flower show of any size has special exhibits, banks and other offices in caravans. When a soap manufacturer wanted to house 300 delegates under one roof in London for a sales conference, the answer was a village of 144 caravans set up at short notice in the National Hall, Olympia.

The past summer has seen the largest sales of caravans in Britain since the boom year of 1949. Some 15,000 were built and sold in 1953. In June this year the caravan industry sold 1,400 on hire purchase, plus an estimated 300-400 more for cash. They ranged in price from as little as £150 for a little "sleeping box" trailer to £1,750 for a production model luxury caravan, and were largely the product of some fifty manufacturers, selling through 120 display grounds owned by about a hundred dealers.

The modern caravan is a revelation to anyone who has never looked inside one, and perhaps thinks of caravans in terms of gipsies. It has the appeal of a well-designed cabin yacht. It is at once a modern vehicle and a neat, convenient and even luxurious home. It has single and double beds that disguise themselves as chairs and settees by day, gas lighting, a gas stove, sometimes a fire, a kitchen and sink, dining space with appropriate seating and table, washing facilities, a wardrobe, a lavatory, many drawers—and a habit of being remarkably cosy. What is more, it is self-sufficient and ready furnished. And it has "Freedom!" written metaphorically across the price ticket, because it can be here to-day and comfortably a hundred miles away to-morrow at the same time of day.

Pictures describe the shapes and interiors of caravans better than can words. Those made for the British market are restricted again by the size limit of 22 ft. length and 7 ft. 6 ins. breadth. But some unfold into extra rooms, and others raise an end flap to provide the roof for an extension tent. In other ways the designs reflect the changing ideas of what a caravan is, the fact that it is both a vehicle and a home, and the manufacturers' efforts to carry out these ideas with their own methods of construction in the materials they have available.

**THE CARAVAN OF TRADITION : Many people still think of caravans in terms of gipsy encampments, like this one in a Kentish wood. While the ornate caravans of the gipsies still bring sparkle to the fair-grounds, the modern "moving houses" have proved admirable vehicles for business and pleasure.**

The first influence on design was the fashion for tasting the romance of the road as "gentlemen gipsies," but the ornate two-horse vans of that time have been left millions of miles behind. There was a touch of "country cottage" with leaded windows about some of the caravans of the early '20's. Then streamlining began to appear, but suffered a certain setback after the war, when the need for residential vans put a squarish, almost "prefab" shape on some of them. Now, while the residential van is still in strong demand, the mobility of caravans is reasserting itself. The touring caravan is being matched up with the car that tows it, and experts on design see a future linked closely with pressed steel, glass fibre and moulded plastics.

A difficulty in this trend towards matching with cars is that while automobiles are mass-produced with pressed steel bodywork, many of the best caravans are still the work of craftsmen coach-builders. The two processes are expensive to reconcile, and the burden

*(Concluded on following pages*

A CARAVAN LEAVES ON A CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY: Mr. Peter Duncan, the B.B.C. producer of "In Town To-night," saying farewell to his wife and two children as they left their Surrey home, with a Berkeley Europa caravan, on an extended holiday to Italy. The Europa by day contains full facilities for cooking and gives spacious living accommodation, while a large amount of window space gives plenty of access to light. At night the caravan is easily converted into a double bedroom, with a further double-bunk bedroom for the children.

A PLEASANT INTERIOR WITH ALL COMFORTS: The interior of the Berkeley Europa, showing the accommodation by day. The cabinet at left reveals a cooker and sink unit when the top is lifted, with a tile-finished back-splash.

THE NEW PANTHER: The general design of this Pascall caravan has remained the same for the past seven years, but constant adjustments are made to incorporate suggestions made by experienced caravanners who have used the Panther. Its exterior, including the roof, is panelled entirely with aluminium. No canvas or paint is used in the caravan's construction, so that the Panther becomes absolutely weatherproof and can stand up to the most testing conditions of road and climate.

FROM SCOTLAND'S CARAVAN INDUSTRY: The interior of the Thomson Mark V Almond, looking towards the rear of the caravan. On each side can be seen the 6-ft. single beds, and on the left the gas cooker and sink unit, which is opposite the doorway. Thomsons (Carron), of Falkirk, are Scottish members of an industry which has expanded rapidly since the war throughout Britain, and which is now also prominent on the export markets.

A NEW ALPERSON MODEL ON SHOW NEXT MONTH: An interior view of the Sprite 14, showing the sink unit and Dudley hotplate, which are in the centre kitchen.

# BRITAIN'S CARAVAN INDUSTRY *(Continued)*

*(Concluded from preceding page)*

falls heavily on the hand-worker. Coachwork firms were obviously fitted to make caravans when the demand became so great after the war. But one leading firm had previously specialised in beehives, and another in aircraft bodies. The post-war boom brought into existence many others less suited, and six times as many were at one time making caravans as in 1939. Two years ago there were still 300; now the number is about a sixth of this. A few firms make vans at the rate of hundreds a month, with a large body of workers. The industry is settling down, its healthy little export offshoot the result of the freeing of timber, aluminium and steel, and a certain steadying of the home market.

The compactness of a good caravan provides a parallel to the industry's own internal organisation. Its main association, the National Caravan Council, is, in fact, "the representative body of the British caravan movement." At its head as president is Admiral Sir Lionel Lawrence, K.C.B., D.S.O., an ardent caravanner who "disappears into the blue" from May to September. The secretary is H. J. ["Speed"] Speed-Andrews, for five years secretary of the Caravan Club, and known to thousands of caravanners. Among the fourteen organisations represented on its councils are manufacturers, dealers, agents, site operators, public, caravan and motor press, camping interests, car manufacturers and traders, showmen, and the R.A.C. and A.A.

The National Caravan Council lists and approves manufacturers and traders, and is a clearing-house for all kinds of information and advice for the whole movement. Started in 1939, it achieved its present form about two years ago. It is maintained by annual subscriptions from its trade members, and holds its first convention in March 1955, at Folkestone. "For three days," says Speed-Andrews, "the men who make, sell and site caravans will talk business, listen to experts, and examine the newest materials and components in a special exhibition." The Council's annual general meeting will be held on the opening day, and a caravan ball will wind up the proceedings.

The manufacturing and distributing side of the industry is backed by a lively "consumer" organisation, the Caravan Club, which is as closely integrated to it as a touring van should be with its car. The Caravan Club is the "A.A." in its field. This year it has put on 1,500 new members, making a total of 10,500 (16,000 including "family" members), all of whom have been vetted to ensure their mobility. The club hold strongly that caravans are for touring, and quotes proudly that Britain had the largest contingent (140 caravans) at an international rally at Innsbruck, and that nearly 2,000 owners a year take their caravans to the Continent.

Caravan Club membership gives motorists the benefit of a site directory. There are 110 sites in Britain, as far apart as Dunbar, Eton and Newquay, which are reserved exclusively for them; ten are run by local councils. The club is concerned with raising and maintaining the prestige of caravanning. It has organised the site of the old Crystal Palace as a London "Caravan Harbour" for foreign and British caravanning visitors, and would welcome a longer lease from the London County Council, so that more money could economically be spent on developing the project. "We strongly believe," says Donald Chidson, M.C., the secretary of the club, "that London should have a landscaped caravan harbour for visitors, a showpiece of four to ten acres, with approach roads and hard-standing for the caravans, and lawns surrounding them."

The strength of the club's enthusiasm for caravanning is indicated by the popularity of its long-standing Whitsun rally, which has grown steadily over the years. It drew 631 entries from all over the country in 1953, and this year more than 750 came to Overstone Solarium, near Northampton, and many applications had to be turned away. Besides the annual general meeting of the club, the rally is the occasion of competitions for amateur built vans, owners' improvements, etc., which arouse active interest among manufacturer members.

The Motor Show at Earl's Court, London, will provide another occasion for a caravan gathering this year. Twenty-two manufacturers of caravans are exhibiting, and on the first Friday (October 22) the

CAMPING ON THE CLIFFS—THE CARAVAN IN ONE OF ITS MOST POPULAR ROLES: The caravan and camping site on the cliffs of Saltern Cove, looking across Torbay towards Brixham and Berry Head. These caravans remain permanently on the site, and are rented by holidaymakers for the period of their stay. Besides going some way to solving shortages of accommodation at the height of the season, the caravan provides at moderate cost a snug privacy which many families often seek on holiday.

FOR COMMERCIAL USE: This travelling exhibition caravan was made by the Berkeley Coachwork Company for Auto Tyre Services, of Basingstoke. It goes to the leading agricultural shows throughout the country to demonstrate the company's products.

ONE OF THE LARGER CARAVANS: The comfortable interior of the 16-ft. Siddall Rainbow, a four-berth model. A feature of this caravan is its exceptionally good storage space in a long sideboard and under the double-bed settees, and in a wider wardrobe.

Caravan Club holds, at Grosvenor House, its annual dinner and dance—for 1,000 guests.

Despite the success of these activities, the Caravan Club's most promising contribution to Britain's caravan industry is undoubtedly the British Caravan Road Rally, held this year for the first time on May 7–9. One hundred competitors started from four different points—London, Bristol, Chester and York—and drove through the night to Silverstone, with routes, speeds, and arrival and departure times all controlled. At Silverstone and on the next leg of the rally, they took part in various tests—traffic, fast towing (as already mentioned), reversing, wheel changing, acceleration and braking, hill climbing—and, finally, competed in a Concours d'Elegance at Cheltenham.

Next year the number of entries is to be increased to 125; forty-five of the hundred this year were trade entries. There will be five starting points, and if (as is rumoured) the rally is centred on Aintree and Southport, there will be an opportunity for one of them to be in Scotland. "If we play our cards aright," says a road rally committee member, "there is nothing to stop the rally becoming an international event—with possible entries from manufacturers from Italy, Holland, Belgium, France and Germany."

The Caravan Club to-day is the leading organisation of mobile caravanners not only in this country, but also in the world. Its activities cannot but help the caravan industry towards a similar pre-eminence. But, at the same time, the industry owes much to the people in Britain who live or take holidays in caravans permanently sited and seldom moved more than once a year. The number of residential caravanners is estimated at up to 250,000. They provide a big outlet for caravans, without which the industry could not have progressed so far or so fast.

Possibly eventually the touring and the residential caravan will evolve into types as widely differentiated as cabin yachts are from house-boats. This is to some extent already visible. Meantime, the continuing shortage of homes, plus the fact that many people prefer a residential caravan to an ordinary house, maintains a pressure on sites that has unhappy effects.

It is not even yet fully realised that a caravan site can be made a healthy and attractive place, and an object of civic pride. The best sites are tree-screened, with hardstanding and roads for the caravans, lawns, gardens and footpaths, ablution and lavatory blocks, electricity laid on, tradesmen calling regularly, and good supervision. The worst are muddied slums.

But because local councils often will give only a short three-year tenure, site operators cannot sink the necessary capital that a good site requires, and sometimes feel that they must take ruthless steps to reimburse themselves on what they have spent. The result is that the distributor who wishes to sell a residential van—which the customer understandably will not buy without a site being available—is often "blackmailed" by the site operator into paying a form of "key money," a premium for the site so that he can make his sale. This may be the extreme case, but it is an indication of the hunger for sites, especially close to such cities as London and Birmingham.

Meantime, the relatively small island that is Britain, overcrowded with people and houses, its roads choked with traffic, is by some strange miracle beginning to provide mobile homes for the wide open countries of the world which have almost limitless horizons.

# THE FIRST OPERA AT LONDON'S FESTIVAL HALL

*The Vienna State Opera Takes Part in a Festival of Mozart Operas*

THE VIENNA STATE OPERA COMES TO TOWN: The scene outside the Royal Festival Hall, London, just before the first performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which opened the two-week season of Mozart's operas. The occasion marked the first visit of the Vienna State Opera to London since 1947; the season was arranged by the London County Council in association with the Haydn Mozart Society.

SITTING IN THE QUEUE FOR "STANDING ROOM ONLY": A group of enthusiasts seen outside the Royal Festival Hall on the opening night. Tickets for "standing room" only were available on this occasion.

For the first time in its short history, London's Royal Festival Hall, on the South Bank of the Thames, is functioning as an opera house. Since September 13 the Vienna State Opera, accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, have been taking part in a festival of three Mozart operas—*Le Nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni* and *Cosi Fan Tutte*—all of which are being given in the original Italian, with complete production as staged at Vienna and at the Salzburg Festival. It is the first visit of the company to London since 1947, and also the first appearance here of the Company's new Music Director, Dr. Karl Böhm. Among the soloists are several who have appeared at Glyndebourne and the Royal Opera House. The singing on the opening night of *The Marriage of Figaro* was exceptionally good, and the Festival Hall was considered a favourable setting. The use of the original Italian is a far better choice than the German translations. In conjunction with the Festival of operas there are Mozart exhibitions in the ceremonial foyer of the Hall and on the Riverside Promenade. The Festival closes to-night, Saturday, with the last performance of *Don Giovanni*.

ITALIAN OPERA ON LONDON'S FESTIVAL HALL STAGE: A scene from Act I of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, showing Figaro (Erich Kunz) standing in the centre beside the seated Count Almaviva (Paul Schöffler). In front of the peasants is Susanna (Irmgard Seefried); Cherubino (Sena Jurinac) hides behind the mirror.

QUARTET AND DUET: Two further scenes from Act I on the first night, showing (*left*) Don Basilio (Murray Dickie); Susanna, Figaro and Cherubino, and (*right*) the duet by Figaro and Susanna. All three operas, *Le Nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni* and *Cosi Fan Tutte* are being given in Italian. The Company performs under full theatre conditions with similar scenery and costumes to those used at Vienna and Salzburg. About 180 members of the Company are in London for the season.

## A GIFT FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW

**A GIFT FROM THE OLDEST BRITISH PARLIAMENT TO THE YOUNGEST: A new silver-gilt mace has been presented by the United Kingdom Parliament to the new Federal Assembly of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. *At left* is the scene in the Chamber at Salisbury, Rhodesia, when Mr. Walter Elliot, leader of the British Parliamentary delegation of ten M.P.s, handed over the mace to the Serjeant-at-Arms of the Federal Parliament, Major L. E. Creasey. Behind Mr. Elliot, from left to right, are four other members of the U.K. delegation: Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. Derek Walker-Smith, Mrs. Eirene White, the only woman delegate, and Mr. Bernard Braine. *At right above*, the Serjeant-at-Arms is seen placing the gift on the green cushion of the table of the House.** The British M.P.s were ceremoniously admitted after the House had unanimously voted for their admission. Mr. Elliot said that only twice before had the House of Commons appointed a delegation to bring gifts oversea. Sir Godfrey Huggins, the Prime Minister, in proposing a vote of thanks, declared that the new mace was a symbol of democratic government on the British pattern, and paid tribute to the contribution Britain has made to Africa. The mace, made up of twenty separate pieces, is an exact replica of the House of Commons mace, and 50½ ins. long.

## M.P. INSTRUCTS MALAYAN POLICE

*On left—*

**AN M.P. INSTRUCTS POLICEMEN IN KUALA LUMPUR: Mr. Percy Morris, M.P. for Swansea West, one of the British Parliamentary delegation to South-East Asia, shows his skill in the Morse code at the police depot in the Malayan capital. He is seen here at the table in the centre tapping out a message for the police trainees at the desks. Mr. Morris learnt Morse thirty-five years ago. His pupils reported that his signals at the rate of 15 to 16 words a minute were easy to take. In the left hand of the picture are two other M.P.s, Mr. Ralph Assheton and Mr. R. W. Sorensen.** The delegation also attended the Legislative Council in Kuala Lumpur. Previously they had been in Singapore, where they presented to the Governor, Sir John Nicoll, in the Singapore Legislative Council, a copy of Erskine May's *Parliamentary Practice*. The volume was autographed by Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Attlee. The Commonwealth Parliamentary Association has sponsored this tour of Conservative and Labour M.P.s through British territories in South-East Asia.

## THE QUEEN MOTHER'S NEW YORK SUITE

**WHERE THE QUEEN MOTHER WILL STAY IN NEW YORK: During her visit to the United States next month, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will be the guest of Sir Pierson and Lady Dixon at their home in Wave Hill, just outside New York. Sir Pierson is the British delegate to the United Nations. The picture *above* is of the front of the house, which overlooks the lawn, a terrace and a rockery. The picture *at the right* shows the upstairs bow windows of Her Majesty's suite at the back of the house. Below her suite is the drawing-room. Wave Hill was built in greystone in 1830. It has a hall in Gothic style as an annexe.**

A GOVERNMENT GRANT WILL HELP TO PRESERVE AN HISTORIC OXFORDSHIRE MANOR: A general view of Chastleton House, near Chipping Norton, is seen above on the left. It is one of the fifty-four historic buildings and monuments in urgent need of structural repair which are being given financial help by the Government. ...ton, a magnificent Jacobean manor, was built between 1602 and 1618 by Walter Jones. His descendants still live there. The picture *on the right* is of the ma... ...way.

THE HALL AND "SCREENS": Here the family and servants ate together. The carved Jacobean "screens" at the back formed a narrow passage with two openings into the hall. Under the window on the left is the large table which was originally in the middle of the room and at which the servants sat. It is cut in one length from a single block of wood and is too large to move out of the house, so must have been brought in before the windows were finished.

THE DINING-ROOM WITH ITS TAPESTRY: The china on the table is Staffordshire Saltglaze of the middle of the eighteenth century. The three sets of wine-glasses date from 1700, 1800 and 1855 respectively. The tapestry is the finest piece of its kind in Chastleton, being Flemish work woven between 1690 and 1720. The table and chairs are Victorian.

## AID FROM A NEW SC...IE FOR

# CHASTLET...N HOUSE

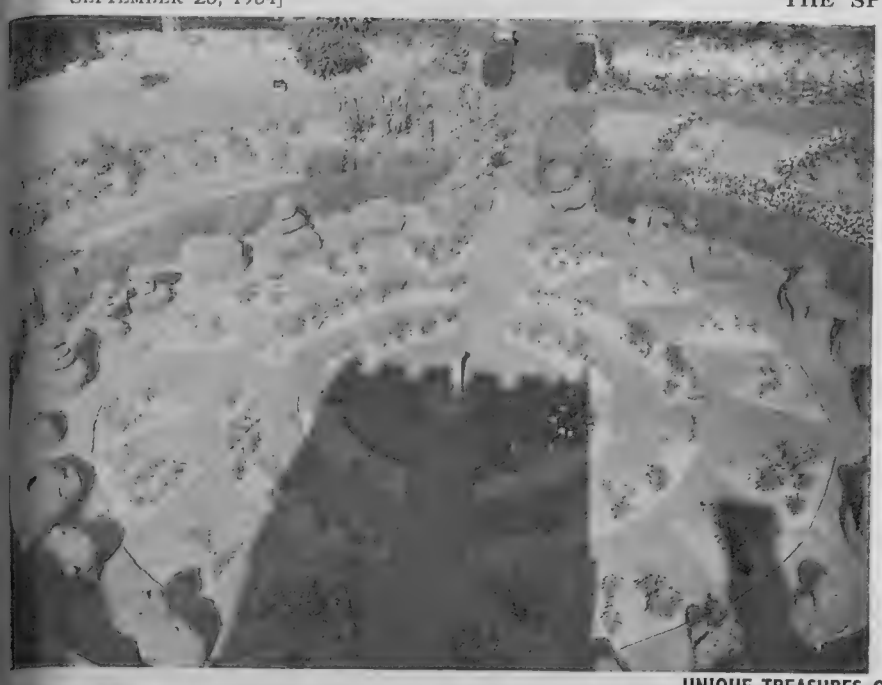
*This Oxfordshire Manor has O... the Fifty-four Government Grants fo... ing Britain's Architectural Tre...*

Work is to begin soon on the urg... ...ra... repairs needed at Chastleton ... ...th... borders of Oxfordshire and Gloucest... ...nich has been given an official grant unde... ...rn-ment's scheme for the preservati... ...oric buildings. Built in the early sevente... ...ury of Cotswold rubble with stone d... ...t is regarded as an excellent example of ... ...nal English manor house. It has been ... ...by the same family for more than three ... ...and contains a priceless wealth of archi... ...and other treasures.

Chastleton receives its grant und... ...rms of the Historic Buildings and Ancien... ...nts Act of 1953. To date, fifty-four bu... ...have been aided in this way, the gran... ...nen totalling £150,000. The first list of t... ...ree was announced in March of this year ... ...ded Wolfeton Gate House, near Charmi... ... Blackfriars, Gloucester, the Treasu... ...use, York, Clytha House, Raglan, and t... ...ory Pittenweem, Fife. The thirty-on... ...ings scheduled in the second list publis... ...n July cover a wide range. Among the nati... ...sures being assisted are castles such as N... ...and Taunton, where Judge Jeffreys held h... ...Bloody Assize," manors like Chastleton and ... Vansittart's Denham Place, St. Peter's V...rage, West Ham, where Lister was born, and St. James's House, Monmouth.

The Act of 1953 is a further step towards national acceptance of responsibility for the great wealth of Britain's historic buildings and monuments. The owner of any building or monument which is of outstanding historic or architectural interest and in urgent need of repair can apply to the Ministry of Works for a grant. The Minister is advised in making his awards by the three Historic Buildings Councils for England, Wales and Scotland respectively. Their members are leading figures in public life and eminent architectural and antiquarian experts. The chairman of the English Council is Sir Alan Lascelles, formerly Private Secretary to the Queen. So far about 300 applications have been made to the three Councils. Of these a third has been rejected. The Government does not necessarily give the full sum needed for the repairs, but the precise amount of the individual grants is not published.

Chastleton House, which is pictured on these pages, is a most deserving case. No material additions have been made to this Jacobean building from its completion 350 years ago, and since then the maintenance of the fabric and other work has been carried out by direct lineal descendants of the builder, all of them skilled craftsmen in the Cotswold tradition. The fenestration has never been altered and even the glazing is in many cases original. Some of the repairs most urgently needed are to the tall chimney stacks



UNIQUE TREASURES OUTSIDE AND INSIDE CHASTLETON: *On left, above*—Looking down from the tower to the box garden, said to be the oldest in England. *On right*—The White Parlour is Jacobean except for the Adam mantelpiece. The chairs still retain their seventeenth-century original condition.

*On left—*

A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY: The books have been collected since Walter Jones, M.P. for Worcester, started to build Chastleton in 1602. Some of the volumes seen here may have been read by Mrs. Warren Hastings, the widow of the great Indian Administrator, who was a great friend of the grandmother of Mrs. Whitmore-Jones, the present owner of Chastleton.

*On right—*

THE BIBLE USED BY CHARLES I ON THE SCAFFOLD: This is Chastleton's most cherished possession. The Martyr King, as he laid his head on the block, gave it to Bishop Juxon as a parting present. It was printed at the Cambridge University Press in 1629. Chastleton received it from a descendant of the Bishop in 1790.

ORNAMENTED CEILING OF THE LONG GALLERY: This is also known as the Ball Room. Its remarkable waggon-headed ceiling is one of the finest in the country. In the gallery, which runs the whole length of the south front, the ladies exercised and played games. The piano on the left is an early Broadwood. It was used to accompany the great Victorian singer, Clara Novello, who was a close friend of the Jones family during the last century and a frequent visitor to Chastleton.

THE PANELLED GREAT CHAMBER: Above the fireplace are the arms of Walter Jones and Elinor Pope. The ceiling is in Italian point. At either end of the table are two pieces of Elizabethan needlework.

THE TAPESTRIED STATE ROOM: The sixteenth-century bed is covered with a Restoration embroidery patterning the "Tree of Life." The tapestry behind it tells the story of Jacob and Esau. Chastleton House, with its wealth of treasures, is open to the public all the year.

...s manor of forty rooms stands near ...ng Norton and is about midway between ...d and Stratford-upon-Avon. It was built by ...ann Walter Jones on land which he bought ...e from Robert Catesby, one of the conspira... in the Gunpowder Plot of the following year. ...r Jones was later Member of Parliament ...orcester. He was buried in the church which ...s in the grounds of the manor. The house ...w is still as he left it—and still in his family, ...resent owner being Mrs. Whitmore-Jones.

...astleton stands squarely on all four sides of ...closed courtyard, and this situation gives it ...pect of even an older period than that in ... it was built. The lofty south front has five ... and square, four-storeyed towers at either ... Inside, it contains a plenitude of treasures ...e seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth ...uries—fittings, furniture, tapestries, china and ...

The interior is predominantly Jacobean ...ncludes a fine oak hall screen, panelling, ...chimney pieces and elaborate plaster ceilings. Extremely deep friezes in some of the rooms are characteristic features of an interior of great attraction and interest. Illustrative of the style of the whole house is the drawing-room, or Great Chamber, with its plaster ceiling with pendants. Another impressive example of the Jacobean period is the panelling of the Long Gallery, which has a remarkable waggon-headed ceiling.

However, its greatest treasure is kept in the Library. This is the Bible which belonged to King Charles I and was read by him on the scaffold. The King handed it to Bishop Juxon, who comforted him on the scaffold. It was to Juxon that Charles, as he laid his head on the block, gave his last commission in the single word "remember." The Bible was given by one of Juxon's descendants to the Jones family in 1790.

Chastleton is open to the public all the year. The grant for the repairs urgently needed for the roof means that it can continue to delight visitors with its architecture and treasures for centuries to come in all its splendour.

# THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

*A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND*

**THE FIRST OF THE NEW SHIPS FOR THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION IS LAUNCHED AT GLASGOW:** The newsprint carrier *Margaret Bowater* is seen going down the slipway at the yards of her builders, William Denny and Brother Limited, after she had been named by Lady Bowater, the wife of Sir Noel Bowater, the chairman of the Corporation and the Lord Mayor of London. The ship has been specially designed so that large cargoes of newsprint can be loaded and stored in a simple operation, and her holds are free of any obstructions which could cause damage to the paper. She will be able to carry 8,000 tons of newsprint. The Bowater fleet lost several ships during the war, and now many of those still in use have become obsolescent. The *Margaret Bowater* is the first of a number of new ships.

**THE QUEEN'S HORSE MAKES READY FOR ITS TRA[illegible]TIC JOURNEY:** The Queen's colt Landau, with [illegible]oy C. Lines and trainer Noel Murless, is seen at [illegible]et. On November 2 this year, the colt will race in the [illegible]on International Stakes, which is worth £23,250, [illegible]rel Park, Maryland, U.S.A. This will be the first [illegible]at the Queen's colours will have been seen in the U[illegible]es. At this time the Queen Mother will be on a tour [illegible]a, and it is hoped that she will be able to se[illegible]e.

**A MAIDEN VOYAGE ENDS ON THE ROCKS:** The new cargo-steamer *Borde* aground upon the Gantocks, a reef of rocks off Dunoon Pier. The steamer, which is of 3,400 tons, struck these rocks while she was on her maiden voyage. The impact gashed a large hole in her hull, and she shipped a great deal of water, but could not be hauled off until the tide was full. Six tugboats from the Clyde were used in the tricky rescue operation.

**LONDON REMEMBERS THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN:** *Left*—A formation of Canberras, which took part in the annual fly-past, passes Nelson's Column, in Trafalgar Square, while distinguished spectators (*right*) on the Air Ministry roof watch. In this picture, from left to right, are: Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Minister of State for Air; Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson, Chief of the Air Staff; and Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding. The fly-past of 182 jet aircraft was led by a Hurricane and a Spitfire—the two aircraft responsible for winning the Battle of Britain—flying side by side. Behind these flew 72 Meteors of Fighter Command, 12 Sea Hawks of the Fleet Air Arm, 36 Canberras of Bomber Command, 52 Sabres flown by men of the R.A.F., the U.S.A.F. and the R.C.A.F., 5 Swifts and 5 Hawker Hunters. The latter were included after a last-minute decision by the Air Ministry. The fly-past, which was to have been held at 12.30 p.m., was postponed until 5 p.m. because of bad visibility down-river.

ROMAN CATHOLICS CELEBRATE MASS IN THE HOPFIELDS: Dr. Cowderoy, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, is seen with many hop-pickers after he had visited the hopfields to celebrate Mass and to give the pickers his blessing. Both the Roman Catholic and the Anglican Church take a great interest in the pickers during the hop-picking season, and many parish priests from the East End travel down to Kent with their parishioners to carry on their normal parish routine down there.

AT THE START OF A RECORD RUN: One of the new 2,760-h.p. electric locomotives is seen leaving Victoria Station, Sheffield, for Manchester, a trip which it accomplished in 56 minutes, clipping 10 minutes off the time taken by the steam engines which were previously used on this run. The train was started on its journey by the Chairman of the British Transport Commission, Sir Brian Robertson, who played the part of the guard and blew a whistle. The new electric locomotives are to be used for freight services as well as for passenger trains, and the line from Sheffield to Manchester is the first in England to provide electrical workings for both services.

*On left—*

THE WET SUMMER RUINS HOPES OF A GOOD HARVEST: Looking more like an oriental paddy-field than a wheatfield, this crop at a farm at Hardhorn, near Blackpool, has suffered badly from the heavy rainfall. The farm-hands are busy moving the crop to higher and drier ground. In the South of England, farmers had some success in gathering the harvest, although results were by no means good, but farther north, conditions were very much worse.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY REFRIGERATOR IS DISCOVERED ON A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL BUILDING ESTATE: The entrance to the underground chamber, which was discovered on the L.C.C. building estate at Ashburton, near Roehampton. In the background is part of a modern block of flats which contrasts strangely with the 300-year-old building. The building was discovered while ground was being cleared for a block of flats. The interior, which is sunk into the ground, is rather like a beehive in shape and is 11 ft. in diameter. In the seventeenth century, perishable foods were stored in the chamber and ice was packed in to preserve them. A similar building was discovered at Hampton Court Palace. The L.C.C. have now fitted teak doors to the refrigerator and it is to be preserved as a relic.

WORK PROCEEDS ON THE NEW B.B.C. TELEVISION TRANSMITTING STATION AT CRYSTAL PALACE, WHICH IS BEING BUILT AMONG THE RUINS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851: It is hoped that these buildings will be completed and in operation in 1956, when they will house the transmitting apparatus from Alexandra Palace. The tower in the Crystal Palace building will be self-supporting and will rise to a height of 640 ft.—over twice the height of that at Alexandra Palace, which is only 300 ft. high. The new tower will be built on a base 120 ft. square. By this greater height and by sending out a stronger signal, it is hoped that people in the London transmission area will be given better service.

# FIRST OF THE NEW SHOW MODELS

*The Singer "Hunter" makes its Bow; the Reliable Rover "90"; Research into Dazzle and Skidding Problems; Those Shattered Windscreens; Ferrari in the News*

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

FIRST of the new Show models to be announced is the Singer Hunter, which is a greatly improved version of the SM 1500. It has a new front end, and a number of features normally listed as optional extras are fitted in the new Hunter as standard equipment.

These include heater and de-mister, windscreen washers, twin fog lamps, a rubber-lined fitted tool tray in the boot, twin polaroid sun visors which can be adjusted to cut out sun dazzle from the bonnet top, and "rim-embellishers" on all wheels. Optional extras include twin carburettors—which increase the brake horse-power from 48 to 58—a central gear-change lever, leather upholstery and loose covers.

Two interesting features of the Singer saloon's redesigned front are that the bonnet top and wing fillets are made of a plastic material; and that the new radiator grille is vertical instead of horizontal, whereas the recent modern trend has been the other way. The Hunter retains the 1500's deep-section cruciform chassis frame and the 1,497-cc. 4-cylinder overhead valve engine, the single-carburettor version of which produces its 48 b.h.p. at 4,500 r.p.m. The price of the Hunter shows an increase on the 1500: £975, including tax, against £893 12s. Basic price has gone up by £57 10s. to £687 10s.

Rover cars have an elegance and a quality of finish which go a long way towards explaining why users of these cars develop such a pride of ownership. With their sleek good looks go a performance, a degree of comfort and an ease of handling found in few cars in the same price bracket.

My excuse for submitting this unsolicited testimonial is the fact that I recently had the use of the Rover "90" for a run to the West Country. As always, I was most impressed by the Rover's easy gait and its happy ability to complete even long journeys without tiring the driver. It was my first experience of the "90," which—like the "60"—is identical with the well-tried "75" except for engine size. I now realise how wise the Rover Company were to make this popular car available with a larger engine for those who like to drive fast safely, and who also demand vivid acceleration.

The "90," which costs £915, increased by tax to £1,297, has a 6-cylinder engine of 2,638 cc. developing 90 b.h.p. The four-speed gear-box now has synchro-mesh for all ratios except bottom, and the unique free-wheel device (controlled by a knob on the dashboard) provides clutchless gear-changing once the car is on the move.

In an age of unitary construction, the Rover design retains a separate chassis frame of great rigidity. A feature greatly appreciated by many Rover owners is the virtual elimination of greasing nipples by the use of rubber bushes or grease-packed bearings.

The Road Research Laboratory, which does much good, unpublicised work in the interests of road safety, has lately made two important pronouncements, one on headlamp dazzle and the other on vehicle design respectively.

Dazzle was dealt with in a technical paper by Mr. A. J. Harris, who declares that uniformity of lighting on all vehicles—that is, uniformity of design and "aim"—and a high standard of maintenance would do much to reduce the dazzle danger.

But whatever improvements of this kind are made to the headlamps themselves, says Mr. Harris, the range of vision will still be too restricted to give safe driving at speeds which are now common. "Polarised light," he says, "promises a better system—the only one in sight unless the spread of street lighting or dual carriage ways make the meeting beam unnecessary. But if it is to be highly efficient from the point of view of the vehicle driven, it will be extremely dazzling for other unprotected road users, particularly cyclists. Apart from technical details and cost, this is the main difficulty which has to be overcome."

The effect of vehicle characteristics on road accidents was comprehensively dealt with by Mr. G. R. Grime, of the Road Research Laboratory, in a paper read to the British Association.

In it he makes the interesting statement that new cars have more skidding accidents than old ones, but have fewer accidents of all kinds per vehicle-miles. This alleged tendency of new cars towards skidding, especially on wet roads, was attributed to their higher speed and better brakes.

Speaking of braking in general, Mr. Grime said the most sweeping improvement which could be made would be a device to prevent the locking of any wheel. He went on: "As long as at least one wheel on each axle is rotating, some measure at least of steering control is retained; but when a wheel locks it loses its significance as a wheel and can slide equally well in any direction.

"If both front wheels lock, all steering control is lost. If the rear wheels lock, the rear of the vehicle can slide in any direction. Furthermore, maximum braking is obtained only when the wheel is just not locked. On the grounds, therefore, both of steering control and of maximum braking, a method of braking which would ensure that the wheels never locked would be a valuable contribution to safety." Inventors and designers, please note.

Mr. Grime strayed on to very controversial ground when he stated that the adoption of universal vehicle inspection is probably the most effective way of ensuring satisfactory maintenance.

The Road Research Laboratory expert went on to deal at some length with the desirability of giving greater protection to the occupants of a car by eliminating potentially dangerous design features from *inside* cars. Among the points he discussed were safety belts; better door locks (to prevent car occupants from being hurled out on impact); improved design of steering wheels; instrument panels and window frames and stronger seat anchorages.

What do *you* think about the shattered windscreens on "Missile Mile" on the Portsmouth road near Esher? Do you suspect a demented gunman, supersonic vibrations or a distorted windscreen frame?

Sir Graham Cunningham, chairman and managing director of the Triplex Safety Glass Company, thinks these theories are nonsense. He himself subscribes to the view that all the incidents on this stretch of road have been caused by stones thrown up by other vehicles. He realises that the road in question has a good smooth surface, but he says: "The stones might have been embedded in the back tyre of a car and have been suddenly catapulted out." But, Sir Graham, what about when the road is clear apart from the car whose windscreen suddenly breaks into thousands of fragments?

More interesting is the Triplex chief's statement that between March 1951 and May 1954, 280 cases of the sudden shattering of toughened-glass windscreens were reported—and only 15 occurred on "Missile Mile." That is one every 77 days or so.

But is this figure correct? I seem to remember a statement in Parliament earlier this year in which the Home Secretary said that 67 windscreens had been shattered on the Esher-Cobham road "between 1951 and January 1954." Perhaps they weren't all toughened-glass windscreens?

The new handicap formula for the R.A.C.'s International Tourist Trophy race evolved by the Ulster Automobile Club was intended to make things easier for the smaller cars and more difficult for the bigger ones. So when this 7¼-hour race took place on the 7.4-mile Dundrod circuit, just outside Belfast, there were many who said the race might prove a walk-over for those amazing little 750-cc. D.B. cars built in France with either Panhard or Renault engines.

Well, it wasn't exactly a walk-over, but a Panhard-engined D.B. did win this great race at 68.75 m.p.h.—4¼ m.p.h. better than its handicap speed. Hard as they tried, the much bigger Ferraris, Lancias, Maseratis, Jaguars and Aston-Martins could not "catch" the little French car. The 3-litre Ferrari of Mike Hawthorn and Maurice Trintignant, who finished second at 86.08 m.p.h. for the 657-mile race, did well to "beat" their handicap speed by 1.38 m.p.h., but it was not good enough.

I wonder, though, if the Ferrari camp really worried very much about losing the handicap event. For they *did* win the Distance Trophy by completing 84 laps and beating the 3.3-litre Lancias into second and third places. And in doing so they became the world's sports car racing champions for 1954.

It was a magnificent effort by Hawthorn and Trintignant. And let me say how impressively the six Triumph TR 2's performed in this race. They did not go spectacularly fast, but they all finished—and ran off with both team prizes! Did I say "not spectacularly fast"? Well, the first to finish averaged 70½ m.p.h. for seven hours, and when you come to think of it that 's not at all bad for a 2-litre production car which would cost only £886 if it weren't for purchase tax.

**A CONSPICUOUS EFFORT TO EASE THE CHICAGO PARKING PROBLEM:** This garage has been built under Chicago at a cost of about £3,000,000 to accommodate 2,367 cars at one time. Top—A car descends the ramp during the first day of operation. Centre—An attendant can be seen directing motorists to their lanes. Bottom—A view along a section of the garage, which covers an area equivalent to three blocks in the streets above.

**THE INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY RACE OUTSIDE BELFAST:** The picture shows the start, as drivers race for their cars. In the handicap Mike Hawthorn (G.B.), driving a Ferrari, came second to a French Panhard-engined D.B. while winning the Distance Trophy, thus beating a formidable rival team of Italian Lancias.

I went along to an interesting little party at London's Shell-Mex House the other evening. It was held to celebrate the launching by Motor Racing Publications Limited of a 7s. 6d. book which tells the story of the development of the V16 engine for the much-discussed B.R.M.

It was appropriate that one of the chief guests was Mr. Alfred Owen, the engineering magnate, who was one of the first men to give financial help to the B.R.M. project when Mr. Raymond Mays and Mr. Peter Berthon initially sponsored it. And, of course, Mr. Owen has since bought from the Research Trust the B.R.M. cars and the right to use the name for the new Formula One car he is now building. *V16*, as the book is called, is one worthy of a place in the library of every motor-racing fan.

It is a sign of the times—and a very welcome one, too—that the five-star hotel is with us again. The Standing Joint Committee of the R.A.C., A.A. and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club have decided to revive this hotel category, which was dropped when the war brought austerity.

An A.A. official is reported to have defined a five-star hotel as "a place where you can get absolutely anything you want—if you can afford to pay for it."

Cuisine, service and accommodation must all come up to the international luxury class. There were fifty five-star hotels in Great Britain before the war. It has been estimated that to-day only about thirty would qualify.

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# AN R.A.F. SUNDERLAND HITS A SUBMERGED ROCK

*Craft from St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Help in Towing the Plane and its Occupants to Safety*

Many of the inhabitants of St. Peter Port, Guernsey, helped in bringing an R.A.F. flying-boat to safety, after it had struck a submerged rock while landing half-a-mile outside the harbour. All the twenty-three occupants were rescued. The flying-boat, a Sunderland, was taking an R.A.F. football team from Pembroke Dock, South Wales, to play against a Guernsey team during the Battle of Britain commemorations. Another passenger was Leading Aircraftwoman Monica Roger, who was making her first air trip and lives in St. Peter Port. As soon as the captain realised the plane had been holed he set full speed to reach the harbour, but on coming into the wake of an outgoing mail boat the aircraft nosed into the sea. Some of the occupants climbed on to the tail in an effort to keep the nose up. Meanwhile, small ships and yachts had hurried out from St. Peter Port to give tows. Three times the hawsers snapped under the strain, but eventually the Sunderland was brought into the inner harbour, where it was grounded at low tide and repairs started

**AN R.A.F. FLYING-BOAT SINKS IN GUERNSEY HARBOUR:** The picture above shows the R.A.F. Sunderland, which had struck a submerged rock in landing half-a-mile outside St. Peter Port, Guernsey, lying below the quay after it had been towed in. All twenty-three occupants, including a Leading Aircraftwoman making her first flight, were brought in safety to the harbour.

*On right—*

**THE CAPTAIN INSPECTS THE DAMAGE: Before the tide went down the captain examined the damage. On hitting the rock, he had put on full speed to reach safety.**

**SMALL CRAFT HELPED WITH TOWS: When the flying-boat was holed by the rock, small ships and yachts hurried out from St. Peter Port to give it a tow. Despite snapping hawsers, they brought it in safely, as seen here.**

**REPAIRS START AT LOW TIDE: The occupants of the flying-boat and local helpers pass cement from hand to hand in a long line to patch a 30-ft.-long slit. This was the first stage in the repairs to the aircraft.**

**GROUNDED BELOW THE QUAY: Many watched the rescue work from the land. The plane was carrying an R.A.F. football team from Pembroke Dock, South Wales, to play a Guernsey eleven in a match to commemorate the Battle of Britain. The rock was hidden in deep water.**

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# A VITAL NAVAL HEADQUARTERS

*The Story of the Commander of the Western Approaches is One of Action; Autobiographies and Novels; Sitting in the Sun and Floating on Ice*

DURING some of the darkest days of the war there yet remained in England some centres of blazing activity, in which work and planning moved on in a vital sequence and where the very survival of our nation as we know it and have known it was the objective. Such a place was Derby House, in Liverpool, the headquarters of Western Approaches, the Royal Navy's organisational answer to the challenge of the Battle of the Atlantic. From November 1942 to August 1945 that command was held by Admiral Sir Max Horton, who died three years ago and whose biography has now been written by Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers.

"Horton preferred to do things rather than write about them," Admiral Chalmers says in his preface, "so it is unlikely that he would ever have written an autobiography," and indeed his own book is primarily the story of a man of action, told with admirable clarity and balance and yet as exciting as such a story can well be. MAX HORTON AND THE WESTERN APPROACHES (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) is not a study that one can forget easily, partly because of the insight and authority of the writer, and partly because of the quality of the subject himself, for whom these words of the seventeenth-century poet, Traherne, were quoted:

*His courage fits him for all attempts,*
*Makes him serviceable to God and man.*
*And makes him the bulwark and defence of his being and country.*

Ralph Brewster has been described as a man with a taste for unusual experience and, until his death three years ago, it was a taste that he was able to indulge, helped by a perpetually inquiring nature, an immense fund of enthusiasm and a complete knowledge of the English, French, Italian and German languages. He was educated in Italy and in England, studied archæology there and in Germany, wrote a book about Crete and one, *The 6,000 Beards of Athos*, about Greece. When the war came, he went to Hungary, where his anti-Fascist tendencies were less noticeable. His four years there are described in the nearly completed book that he left. WRONG PASSPORT (Cohen and West. 16s.) is an odd mixture of sophistication, *naïveté* and a talent for gossip. Some of the author's exploits have the breath of adventure in them, some are trivial, all are retailed with the spontaneity that his friends tell us distinguished him.

FORSAKEN ALTARS (Hart-Davis. 21s.) is the autobiography of the singer, Marguerite d'Alvarez, which she finished shortly before her death last year, and to those who knew her and the thousands more who remember her lovely voice, it will be, perhaps not the ideal memorial, but a vivid, idiosyncratic portrait of the artist herself. Madame d'Alvarez wrote her book with less than the humour that she had in life, but with the compensating qualities of candid impulse, emotion and a good, healthy interest in her own attainments. She was, authentically, a *prima donna*, and she deserved the title. She had beauty as well as talent and her successes were not all of the stage and concert platform. In the early years of the century the King of the Belgians became such a pressing admirer that she decided to leave that country, and when, later, she signed a contract to sing in New York for Oscar Hammerstein he, too, fell in love with her and built what is now the Stoll Theatre for her in London.

I must say that I enjoyed her book immensely and, to be candid, uncritically, for it is not to be expected that good singers should also be good writers.

Summer is a-drawin' in (if you 'll forgive me), but it is still heartening to read about the sunny travels of others, and Mr. and Mrs. S. P. B. Mais have contributed a very agreeable book called ITALIAN HOLIDAY (Alvin Redman. 15s.), of which one of my only criticisms would be that the title is misleading since, in fact, these chapters deal with a winter *and* a summer visit, which, as any purse-bound Englishman will tell you, is a very different thing. However, this is not an occasion for carping, and one need only say that this gifted couple have collaborated in a pleasantly informal travel book. The photographs are, for the most part, agreeably unofficial in character and I appreciated the views of Rome railway station (interior) and Milan railway station (exterior), but must confess that I missed one of the quay outside Venice railway station, which could not but have enhanced the book's attractions.

NORTH (Heinemann. 15s.) is a travel book of quite a different kind, for this is an account of Dr. Kaare Rodahl's experiences on an expedition to the Arctic to plan and prepare for a scientific base close by the North Pole. The project was undertaken about two years ago by the U.S. Air Force, a small group of whose men made a successful landing there on a floating and, indeed, rotating island of ice, and have now established a well-equipped station there, with half-a-dozen scientific experts engaged in research and reports that will eventually benefit the users of trans-polar aviation or, in other words, the flyers who in peace or war would use that very short route. Dr. Rodahl writes with the objective viewpoint that one would expect in a man of his calling, and his book reads partly like a classic Polar exploration story, and partly like science-fiction come true.

**A LITERARY DINNER GIVEN IN HONOUR OF MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY:** More than 250 men and women associated with the Arts attended the dinner given in a London hotel to pay tribute to Mr. Priestley, who was celebrating his sixtieth birthday. He is seen with his wife, with whom he heard tributes paid by Sir Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Norman Collins and Mr. Lionel Hale.

Whatever one feels about practical jokes and their perpetrators (and I feel as strongly as the next man on the subject), there can be no doubt, either reasonable or unreasonable, that Mr. H. Allen Smith's hefty volume, THE COMPLEAT PRACTICAL JOKER (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.) is very, very funny indeed. I mean, of course, to read; *not* to put into practice on the unsuspecting. The general objection to practical jokes is that they are based either on physical brutality (as typified by the pullers-away of chairs, and so on), or on a greater refinement of cruelty (as shown in the telegram sent to a hopeful and unemployed actor and apparently signed by a leading producer, and reading, with a wicked simplicity "Disregard my previous wire"). Mr. Smith cites these instances, but he has others, too, sometimes ingenious, sometimes just hilarious and not necessarily malevolent in intention. A wonderful collection, except for those who, for reasons of their own, would rather not laugh aloud.

THE IRON MAIDEN (Macmillan. 15s.) is a novel, and a good one, of the New York newspaper world, by Mr. Edwin Lanham, who is to be congratulated on writing a continuously absorbing though long story about a community of men and women living in their own very specialised world, and contriving to combine cynicism, competition and genuine friendliness. If this is how editors and reporters and copy boys and proprietors work things out in New York then, although one may not want to be in their line of business, it 's still a fascinating thing to read about. I 'm not quite sure that I believe in Mr. Lanham's heroine-villainess, with her blue, blue eyes, her provocative walk and her soul of an electronic calculator. At least, I believe that she could have been as pretty *or* as desirable *or* as basely single-minded about her career, but not that she should have been all three, and to such a degree. Or do they order things differently in America? Whatever the case, it 's a thoroughly readable book.

A British aircraft on a journey from London to a place in West Africa, 3,500 miles distant, has a faulty instrument that puts it off course, and the pilot i compelled to make a forced landing in the dese There are survivors, including a child, among th crew and passengers, and MARGIN OF ERROR (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is their story, as told by Miss Mar Borden in her new novel. The desolation, the co trolled panic and the undramatic courage on one sid and the unbearably mounting tension among th others, the people who are waiting for the plane the sweltering, uneasy British colony, knowing that each case their expected passenger will bring so kind of resolution to a personal problem: all this conveyed with acute perception by the writer wh out of this single tragic event, has made, from novelist's point of view, a small work of art.

Two of our long-established authors have chos much the same theme for their latest novels—th passing of the old order. Mr. Warwick Deeping, THE OLD WORLD DIES (Cassell. 8s. 6d.), shows country squire and his wife, the owners of a beauti and historic house, and their positive and practi reactions to the threat and the reality of the wa They might be said to represent a form of benevolen feudalism, and their application of their beliefs presented in some detail, and as a successful ent prise. There is much nostalgia here, and much gra of expression, too.

LIFE'S EVENTIME (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Stephen McKenna's novel, urbane, polished, though a little wordy, about a distinguished figure in law and letters whose personal problems are related to the disappearance of the kind of life that he has known and enjoyed, and the coming of a mood and climat of existence which he regrets but has the wisdom to tolerate. Although so different from each other in style and treatment, these two books have more than a central idea in common. They are both excellent illustrations of the premise that a philosophy is not necessarily the more valid for being stridently stated, but may be set forth just as effectively by a quiet and civilised pen.

# ORSINO IN WHITEHALL

*Dr. Hotson Conjures Up "Twelfth Night's" First Night at the Royal Palace*

The late Sir Arthur Quiller Couch once declared, "We can immensely increase our delight in Shakespeare, and strengthen our understanding of him if we keep asking ourselves how the thing was done," and he might have added *when and for whom the thing was done.* Leslie Hotson, one of our most erudite Shakespearean scholars and an expert on matters pertaining to Elizabethan stage presentation, has followed Sir Arthur's advice in remarkable fashion in producing his new volume, THE FIRST NIGHT OF TWELFTH NIGHT (Rupert Hart-Davis. 21s.). As a result of recent researches, Dr. Hotson has unearthed a mass of contemporary evidence regarding that first night, when this wonderful comedy, which has sailed down the ages in a full gale of popular favour, was presented at a Command performance before Queen Elizabeth at the Royal Palace of Whitehall. The Queen ordered this comedy to entertain her guest, Don Virginio Orsino, Duke of Bracciano, and it took place on Twelfth Night at the height of the Christmas festivities of 1600-1. The Queen's orders for the preparation of the ceremony, official reports of the play, and Duke Orsino's written account of it to his Duchess in Italy, are all brought together in this brilliant recollected moment in Shakespearean and stage history. There are occasions, it seems, when Dr. Hotson may be asking us to read too much into Shakespeare's contemporary quips, throwing the strong light of his scholarly research upon them, but at the same time, it may be surmised, doing some highly intelligent guessing. In one chapter he quotes the interchange between Viola and the Lady Olivia when the latter draws aside her veil to reveal the picture, declaring, "Is't not well done?" Viola replies, "Excellently done, if God did all," and Olivia hits back: "'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather." This prompts Dr. Hotson to go into some detail on the use of cosmetics at Elizabeth's Court, whereas this typical piece of Shakespearean thrust and parry surely requires no special explanation. Whether or not we can as laymen always agree with the author's high-level theorising, we can all enjoy this most readable book—so swift-moving to the climax of the play's presentation before a brilliant Court—and Dr. Hotson might so easily have written a very dull book on such a theme. In telling us about *Twelfth Night's* first night, he undoubtedly offers added pleasure to all who find special joy in this golden comedy of love, music and laughter, the product of a golden age.

Critics of bull-fighting have almost invariably, and probably deliberately, lost sight of the fact that bull-fighting is an art; that what attracts the fans to the bull-rings of Spain, Mexico and South America is not the brutality of the proceedings, but the artistry of the picadors, banderilleros and the matadors who risk their lives. The cape and muleta work of the matador, to an eye that knows what to look for, can be as beautiful as any ballet, explains Homer Casteel, who emphasizes these points of artistry in his volume, THE RUNNING OF THE BULLS (Faber and Faber. 21s.), a full-scale technical description of bull-fighting, complete with drawings and diagrams.

Ivor Guest, historian of the ballet, who has written of its glories under the Second Empire in France, now tells the story of THE ROMANTIC BALLET IN ENGLAND (Phœnix House. 25s.). It was in the 1830's and 1840's that Europe paid court to the wonderful productions at the Opera House and Her Majesty's Theatre. Fanny Ellsler, the incomparable dancer-mime, Fanny Cerrito, "the enchantress of London," Benjamin Lumley, the impresario, and Jules Perrot, the choreographer, were among the names which added lustre to this period. Mr. Guest's book is enriched by a series of contemporary illustrations.

Geoffrey Wagner, in his PARADE OF PLEASURE (Derek Verschoyle. 25s.), has made a very full study of popular iconography in the United States, with special reference to movies, television, comic books and pin-up magazines. With this analysis of these forms of entertainment he is concerned to show up certain disquieting trends but has obviously had a whale of a time in doing it. Mr. Wagner finds that sadism and violence run like a dark thread through the whole vast pattern of American entertainment. The author is a Fellow in the Faculty of Philosophy at Columbia University.

ENGLAND EAST (Studio Publications. 18s.) is the third volume in Sydney R. Jones's survey of England, to which his series of pencil sketches add so notably. This volume covers the historic countryside east of the Pennines and the Midlands from north of the Thames to the Tweed. He thus completes a wonderful topographical record.

Welcome to the fourteenth edition of THE SATURDAY BOOK (Hutchinson. 25s.). John Hadfield, as editor, has once again done a grand job, but one does wonder whether he was intentionally aping the school magazine when he wrote his introduction. Among notable contributions are Olive Cook's "A Street in Sicily," and James Laver's "The Natural History of the Chorus Girl," the latter a most intensive piece of research in the best *Saturday Book* manner.

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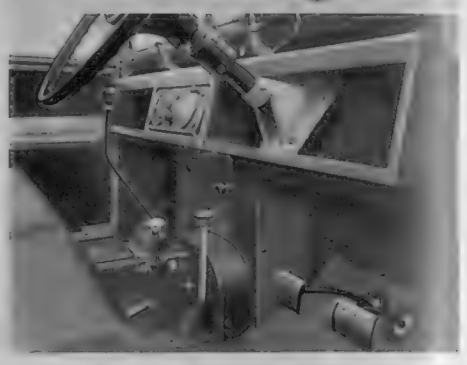

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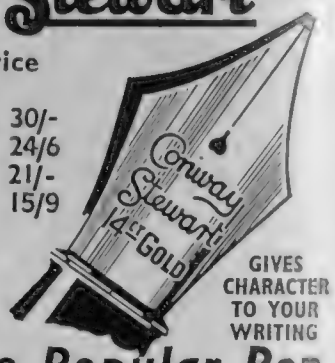


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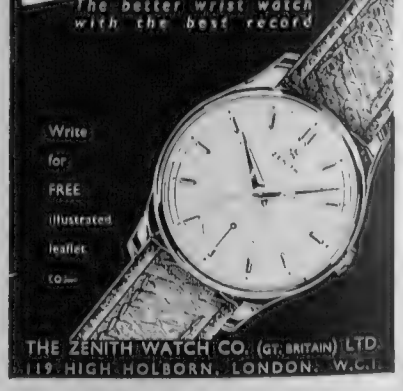

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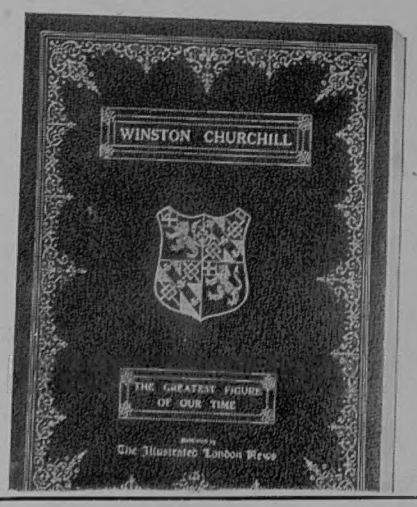

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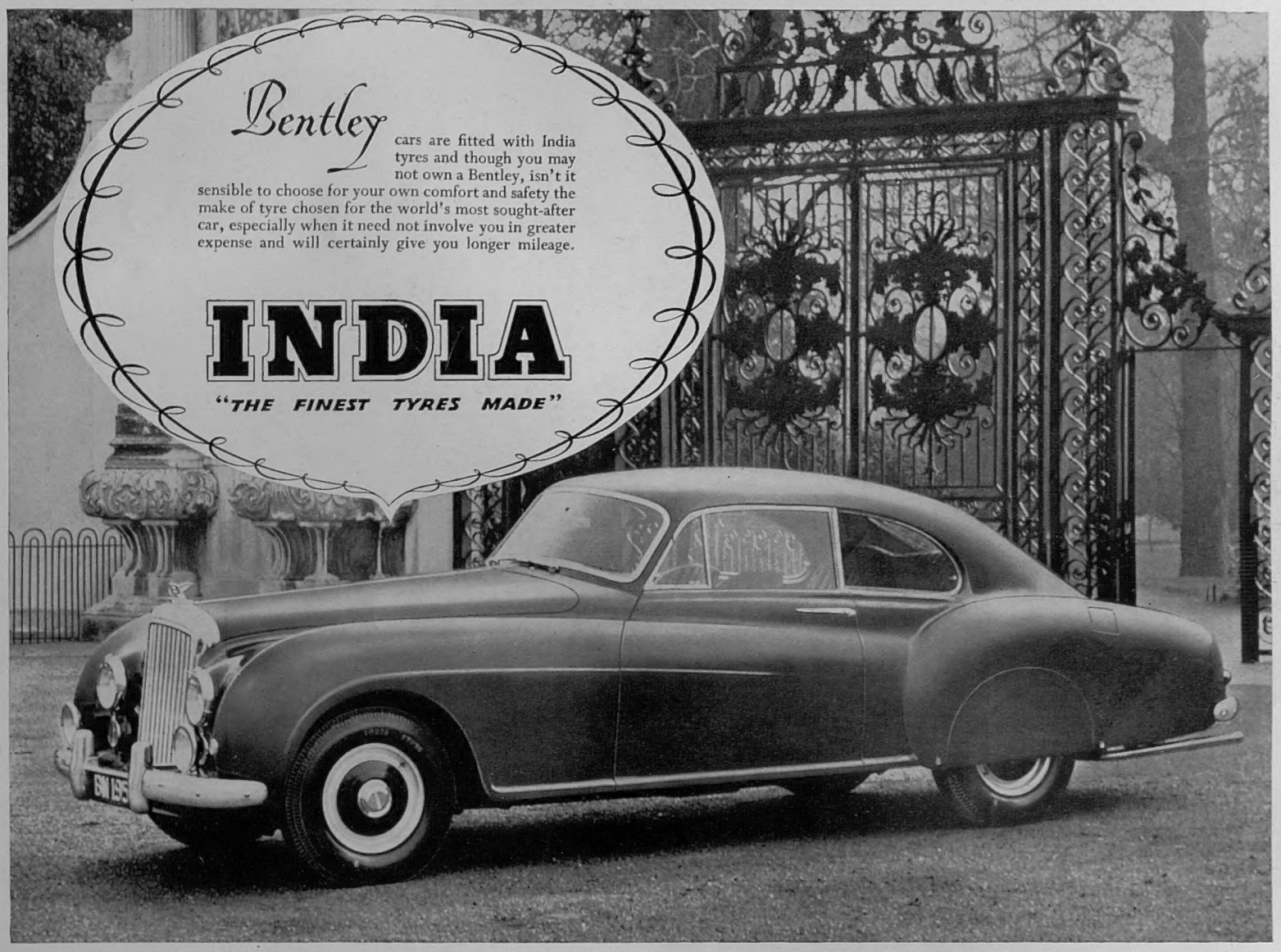


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# *A fine city, NORWICH*

*A Kodachrome photograph*

Though not strictly a "garden city", Norwich is certainly a city of gardens, both public and private and at castle and cottage. The charming tree-bordered park pictured here in its autumn garb, is Chapel Field Gardens, right in the heart of the city, and once the pasture of the ancient College of St. Mary. Bounded on one side by the old city wall and on another by fine Georgian houses, the third side is fronted by large modern factory premises.

For Norwich is not the legendary cathedral city, living solely on past glories; it is a progressive place, the thriving business life of which is exemplified by such famous organisations as the Norwich Union Insurance Societies, whose world-wide ramifications today provide in over seventy countries an insurance service second to none.

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